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# Wide-Awake Gift:

A

# KNOW-NOTHING TOKEN

FOR

# 1855.

EDITED BY "ONE OF 'EM."

"Put None but Americans on Guard to-night."

NEW YORK:
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To the

## SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA,

As

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For Our

COMMON MOTHER,

Whose Beauty, unlike that of other Mothers, increases with Her Years, and Her Strength with the Number of Her Children.

# Prefatory.

NEITHER Preface nor Apology is necessary to introduce to the American public a volume so thoroughly American in subject and in sentiment, and so purely a product of American talent and genius as this, which we proudly hand to the American reader. Having culled our bouquet from among the choicest flowers of native Eloquence and Poetry, we lay the Patriotic Offering upon the altar of American Liberty, believing that the incense thereof will prove a "sweet-smelling savor" in the nostrils of all who love the aroma of their NATIVE LAND.

THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK, *October*, 1854.

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# WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :—The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest—no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness—but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in the office

to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuits of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty, or propriety; and am persuaded that whatever partiality may be retained for my services, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove of my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the

increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me, and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious—vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging,—in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing prayers that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection

may be perpetual—that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of

your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a

common cause, fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts: of common danger, sufferings, and success.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here, every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds, in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious material of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water, will more and more find a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort—and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure

enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find, in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations,—and what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those wars and broils between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which under any form of government are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty: in this sense it is, that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every

reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discrimination—*northern* and *southern*—*Atlantic* and *western*—whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head: they have seen, in the negotiation by the executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the

Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, through the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of the policy in the genera. government, and in the Atlantic States, unfriendly to their interests in regard of the Mississippi: they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties—that with Great Britain, and that with Spain—which secure to them everything they could desire in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren, and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a constitution of government, better calculated than your former, for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of your own choice, uninfluenced and unawed; adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation; completely free in its principles; in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy; and containing within itself a provision for its own amendments, has a just claim to

your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, until changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish a government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberations and actions of the constituted authorities are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fata tendency. They serve to organize faction ; to give it an artificial and extraordinary force ; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small, but artful and enterprising minority of the community ; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines,

by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the Constitution alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion: and remember, especially, that from the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty, is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within

the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of persons and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists, under different shapes, in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissensions, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, or the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirity of party are

sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foments occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself, through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands an uniform vigilance to prevent its burning into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking, in a free country, should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective

constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments into one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments, ancient and modern; some of them in our country, and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert those great pillars of human happiness —those firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be obtained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of the government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible, avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace; but remembering also, that timely disbursements to prepare for danger, frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accu-

mulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace, to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives; but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it

be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another, disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur.

Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility, instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty of nations, has been the victim.

So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for

another, produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducements or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation, of privileges denied to others, which are apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) facility to betray, or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity: gilding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference of public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure

you to believe me, fellow-citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy to be useful must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we

may defy material injury from external annoyances: when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, in a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand: neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or prefer-

ences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations: but if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of

foreign intrigue; to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude of your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles that have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your representatives in both houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it with moderation, perseverance, and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress, without interruption, to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views it in the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleas-

ing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influences of good laws under a free government—the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

# THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy eagle form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strides the warrior of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,

To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows in the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high.
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon's mouthings loud,
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
There, shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink below
Each gallant arm, that strikes beneath
That awful messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,

And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack.
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile, to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us!

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## THE BIBLE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burthens of the Bible old.
The Litanies of Nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame
Up from the burning core below,
The Canticles of Love and Woe

# AMERICA FOR AMERICANS.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

WELL, why not? Is there another country under the sun, that does not belong to its own, native-born people? Is there another country where the alien by birth, and often by openly boasted sympathy, is permitted to fill the most responsible offices, and preside over the most sacred trusts of the land? Is there another country that would place its secret archives and its diplomacy with foreign states, in other than native hands—with tried and trusty native hearts to back them? Is there another country that would even permit the foreigner to become a citizen, shielded by its laws and its flag, on terms such as we exact, leaving the political franchise out of sight? More than all else, is there a country, other than ours, that would acknowledge as a citizen, a patriot, a republican, or a safe man, one who stood bound by a religious oath or obligation, in political conflict with, and which he deemed temporarily higher than, the Constitution and Civil Government of that country—to which he also professes to swear fealty?

America for the Americans, we say. And why not? Didn't they plant it, and battle for it through bloody revolution—and haven't they developed it, as only Americans could, into a nation of a century, and yet mightier than [redacted] oldest

empire on earth? Why shouldn't they shape and rule the destinies of their own land—the land of their birth, their love, their altars, and their graves; the land red and rich with the blood and ashes, and hallowed by the memories of their fathers? Why not rule their own, particularly when the alien betrays the trust that should never have been given him, and the liberties of the land are thereby imperilled?

Lacks the American numbers, that he may not rule by the right of majority, to which is constitutionally given the political sovereignty of this land? Did he not, at the last numbering of the people, count seventeen and a half millions, native to the soil, against less than two and a half millions of actually foreign born, and those born of foreigners coming among us for the last three quarters of a century? Has he not tried the mixed rule, with a tolerance unexampled, until it has plagued him worse than the lice and locust plagued the Egyptian? Has he not shared the trust of office and council, until foreign-born pauperism, vice and crime, stain the whole land—until a sheltered alien fraction have become rampant in their ingratitude and insolence? Has he not suffered burdens of tax, and reproach, and shame, by his ill-bestowed division of political power?

America for the Americans! That is the watchword that should ring through the length and breadth of the land, from the lips of the whole people. America for the Americans—to shape and to govern; to make great, and to keep great, strong and free, from home foes and foreign demagogues and hierarchs. In the hour of Revolutionary peril, Washington

said, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night." At a later time, Jefferson wished "an ocean of fire rolled between the Old World and the New." To their children, the American people, the fathers and builders of the Republic, bequeathed it. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!"—let the American be vigilant that the alien seize not his birthright.

America for the Americans! Shelter and welcome let them give to the emigrant and the exile, and make them citizens in so far as civil privileges are concerned. But let it be looked to that paupers and criminals are no longer shipped on us by foreign states. Let it be looked to that foreign nationalities in our midst are rooted out; that foreign regiments and battalions are disarmed; that the public laws and schools of the country are printed and taught in the language of the land; that no more charters for foreign titled or foreign charactered associations—benevolent, social or other—are granted by our Legislatures; that all National and State support given to Education, have not the shadow of sectarianism about it. There is work for Americans to do. They have slept on guard—if, indeed, they have been on guard—and the enemy have grown strong and riotous in their midst.

America for the Americans! We have had enough of "Young Irelands," "Young Germanys," and "Young Italys." We have had enough of insolent alien threat to suppress our "Puritan Sabbath," and amend our Constitution. We have been a patient camel, and borne foreign burden even to the

back-breaking pound. But the time is come to right the wrong; the occasion is ripe for reform in whatever we have failed. The politico-religious foe is fully discovered—he must be squarely met, and put down. We want in this free land none of this political dictation. We want none of his religious mummeries—let him keep his "holy shirt of Treves," his "winking (pictorial) damsel of Rimini," his "toe-nails of the Apostle Peter," and his travail about the "Immaculacy of the Virgin Mary," in those lands that have been desolated with persecution, and repeopled with serfs and lazzaroni by the hierarchy to which he owes supreme religious and temporal obedience. Our feeling is earnest, not bitter. The matters of which we have written are great and grave ones, and we shall not be silent until we have aided in wholly securing *America for the Americans!*

## THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry, around thy bed,
And spread her vernal coverings, violet-gemm'd,
And pearl'd with dews. She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his yellow coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Hoarsely of man's neglect. But now we come
To do thee homage, Mother of our Chief,
Fit homage, such as honoreth him who pays!
Methinks we see thee, as in olden time,
Simple in garb—majestic and serene—
Unaw'd by "pomp and circumstance"—in truth
Inflexible—and with Spartan zeal
Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
*Thou* didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth, to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet like the ephemeron away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipp'd.

Of the might that cloth'd
"The Pater Patriæ"—of the deeds that won
A nation's liberty, and earth's applause,
Making Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca haunt—
For patriot and for sage while time shall last,
What part was thine, what thanks to thee are due,
Who mid his elements of being wrought
With no uncertain aim—nursing the germs
Of godlike virtue in his infant mind,
*We know not,—heaven can tell!*

Rise, noble pile!
And show a race unborn, who rests below—
And say to mothers, what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind—
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world doth sow its tares,
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.

Ye who stand
With thrilling breast and kindling cheek this morn,
Viewing the tribute that Virginia pays
To the blest Mother of her glorious Chief;
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch
Whose first, at waking, is your cradled son,

What though no dazzling hope aspires to rear
A second Washington, or leave your name
Wrought out in marble, with your country's tears
Of deathless gratitude,—yet may ye raise
*A monument above the stars*, a soul
Led by your teachings, and your prayers, to God.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Wild was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
With years should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays; but greener still
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
With reverence when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the pilgrim sires
This hallowed day like us shall keep.

# THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

BY HON. JOSEPH W. SAVAGE.

SIR, our Common Schools are places wherein the children of all our people meet. They study together, they associate together upon a common level. They come to understand and know each other, assimilate in morals, in tastes, and in habits. A sort of brotherhood is established, fraternity of feeling promoted, and a foundation for a life of liberality and kindness towards each other is laid. The importance of this consideration is not, I fear sufficiently appreciated. Its influence is measureless in giving practical effect to that spirit of universal toleration which breathes through all our institutions and speaks in all our laws. I know well, that our Common Schools have been denounced as "Godless" and "infidel" by a denomination that arrogates to itself all the wisdom, all the truth, and all the piety of the world. I know they have been thus denounced because they do not teach a blind and unquestioning obedience to the priesthood, because they do not inculate the doctrines of Rome as a primary element of Education. I should hold them as worse than useless if they did so, because I am myself a heretic according to the papal creed. But, sir, I should be equally opposed to the introduction of my own particular faith as one

to be propagated through our Common Schools or by means of the Common School Fund. Those schools are not the places to shape the particular faith of the pupils. Faith in the Bible itself should be taught, its holy inspiration as the word of the great God spoken to man as a guide to salvation should be taught, because it is so regarded by all denominations of Christians. Certain great fundamental truths of Christianity should be inculcated, for they are acknowledged by all; but creeds and dogmas should be left to home influence, or to the calm study of the Bible itself.

Sir, the children educated by these funds are to be the future sovereigns of the country; they are to wield the destiny, for good or for evil, of the State. What kind of education should they have, to fit them for the exercise of this power and these duties? No one, I presume, will deny the proposition that it should be intellectual, historical and moral: upon these three propositions all will unite. The history taught should be authentic; it should be the truth; it should not be fashioned and shaped to meet the views of any sect, nor to promote or screen any particular denomination—nor should it be arranged with a view to prejudice or wipe out any stain from the character of any man or combination of men, or from any institution that belongs to or has passed into history.

The morality taught should be of the very highest and purest character, shaped to meet the views of no sect or denomination, nor fashioned to square with the consciences of any particular sect. The State educates the children not for

the children's sake, but for its own, and hence that morality should be inculcated which, while it accords with the revealed will of heaven, will make them good citizens, good republicans, and will best promote the interests of the institutions under which they live and for which they are to be responsible hereafter. We have heretofore legislated in some measure to please at least one sect. We have permitted what any other nation in the world that recognizes the Christian religion would never have allowed. We have suffered the Bible to be banished from many of our State schools, have shut out from the children of those schools the very book which all denominations of Christians make the foundation of their faith, and, strange as it may seem, out of tenderness towards the consciences of a Christian sect.

Of all the people of this country, one denomination alone objects to the reading of the Bible in the schools, and to please that sect we have excluded it; they then denounce our schools as Godless. What course shall we pursue? Shall we deliver the schools into their hands, allow them to direct the education of the State, contrary to the wishes and the consciences of all the others? Shall bigotry triumph? No! What course then shall we pursue? There is but one true course, and that should never have been deviated from. Let the education of the children of this Christian State be carried forward without regard to the clamors of bigoted sectarianism or infidelity. Return the Bible to every school, and let our children from it alone, without note or comment, become acquainted with their relations and obligations to the

# "THE KNOW NOTHINGS."

BY DR. THOMAS E. BOND.

It will be readily admitted that all secret associations are liable to be abused to bad purposes, and especially political organizations, whose proceedings are secret, because they are not restrained by the wholesome check of public opinion; and hence the individual members are not so essentially controlled, by regard to their reputation, as they would be if what they proposed to do was subjected to public animadversion. "Know Nothingism" may, therefore, be an evil, or it may become one of great magnitude by the abuse of power; but, on the other hand, it may, if directed by right motives, effect great good, and counteract evils of the greatest magnitude; and evils, too, for which we know no other remedy.

If we are rightly informed, the association has been got up to counteract the political influence of Romanism, by resisting the political elevation of foreigners. It does not propose to exclude from office or authority, legislative or executive, Romanists as such, but only foreigners. Yet, as the great body of Romanists in this country are emigrants from Europe, it cannot be denied that the exclusion of foreigners will necessarily affect the Roman Catholic Church more

than other churches; and this, so far from being a political evil, may be shown to be necessary to the conservation and perpetuation of civil and religious liberty. And hence, it may be asserted, with great propriety, that an organization such as the "Know Nothings" constitute, is essential to the welfare of our country, as the only adequate means of counteracting Romanism—the most secret and the most formidable association that human ingenuity ever devised, and which, from its very nature, is, and cannot cease to be, hostile to the principles of civil and religious liberty.

That the Roman Catholic Church is a secret society, directed by its hierarchy—absolutely controlled by its priesthood to a degree which has never been exercised by the leaders of any political party in this or any other country—is evident by its religious creed, and its practice everywhere. The confessional is a secret tribunal, before which every member of the Church is required to make known, not only every immoral action, but every thought and purpose of the heart, upon pain of incurring the anathema of the Church, which is equivalent to a sentence of eternal damnation. The secresy of this tribunal is not only admitted by the Church, but gloried in. Even the priest dare not reveal what is extracted from the penitent under the seal of confession, unless he be authorized to divulge it by Church authority.

This will not be denied, we presume; but this is not all. The priest is thus put in possession of secrets which enable him to hold his penitent under secret obligation which he dares not violate. The priest, as we have said, is bound to secresy,

but may be released by his superiors from the obligation, and always will be, as he always has been so released, when the good of the Church requires it. The penitent must have been a very correct man in all his relations, if his confession does not place him absolutely in the power of his priest, even in regard to his worldly interests; but in regard to his spiritual interests, his absolute dependence on his confessor is unquestionable. He has been taught to believe that priestly absolution is essential to his salvation, and what is still worse, that the validity and efficacy of this absolution depend upon the secret intention of the priest who administers, or pronounces it: so that if it be pronounced with all formality, and according to the established *formula* of the church, it is wholly unavailing, unless the priest has a "*right intention*" in the exercise of his function.

The penitent is, therefore, wholly in the power of the priest; for, although his confessor may go through all the outward form of receiving his confession and giving absolution, yet he must be lost—for ever lost—if his priest has not been so conciliated as to exercise a right intention in his own mind. This is the doctrine of the Church, as laid down by the so called holy, infallible Council of Trent, the last œcumenical council of the Roman Catholic Church.

Now, we put it to any man of reason and common sense: if you believe all this; if you believe the priest had all your eternal interests in his power—could send you to heaven or hell, even while he administered the rites of the Church outwardly, by exercising or withholding a secret "right inten-

tion" in the administration of the sacraments, or the power of absolution—if you believe in these doctrines of the Church of Rome, would you incur the displeasure of the priest for any earthly consideration? But if not, is not every Roman Catholic under the absolute control of a secret society, by considerations not only of a temporal, but of an eternal weight?

But it may be thought that no sensible man can believe all this! Yet if a man does not believe it he is not a Roman Catholic at all; and why any but such can go to confession, in a country where no legal authority or political advantages are made to depend upon going to confession, we cannot divine. In Roman Catholic countries, where all social and political advantages are made to depend upon being in the Church, and the being in the Church is made to depend upon going to confession, at least once a year, we can easily conceive how an Atheist my be induced to conform to the requirement, as he believes in no future judgment or accountability. But why even an Atheist should profess to be a Catholic, and conform to the requirements of the confessional in this country, we cannot imagine, unless it be from a desire to secure Catholic votes and influence, to aid his political aspirations.

Having, then, among us a very large secret society, governed by a priesthood, who are believed by the members of the association to exercise by divine right the power to fix and determine their eternal destiny, and this priesthood itself being the subjects of a foreign pontiff, prince, and potentate, by what means can such influence be controlled but by a com-

bination of its opponents? and how can such combination be effected but by association and organization? Will it be answered that Romanism, though a secret organization, is not a political one, and therefore does not require to be opposed by a political combination, such as that of the "Know Nothings?" To show this, it will be necessary to prove that the secret organization of Romanism cannot be brought to bear upon politics and political institutions; a position which contradicts all history and experience;—all history, for the Pope himself has been an active agent in the political quarrels, intrigues, and wars of Europe; and in every country where Romanism is dominant, it sustains despotism in the State by the very means it employs to perpetuate it in the Church. So potent is this ecclesiastical influence, that every struggle of the people for civil liberty has been prostrated by it, except where the Reformation overthrew Romanism, and gave the people the Bible. Napoleon the First succumbed to Popery, and established it as the religion of France, with princely revenues and endowments. Louis Philippe assumed the protectorate of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and compelled the helpless Tahitians to admit the Jesuits and French brandy. And now the Emperor, elected by the people of France, keeps a body of French troops in Rome to protect his "holiness" from the indignation of an oppressed, enslaved, and starving population.

Where, we ask, has Romanism the ascendancy in any country in which it has not crushed out every feature and semblance of civil and religious liberty? But if this cannot

be shown, is it not idle to contend that this systematic hostility to human rights is not inherent in the system, and will, if permitted, do the very same thing in our free and happy country? Indeed, the purpose has been openly avowed by the papers of the Roman Catholic Church, which have kindly forewarned us that "whenever the Roman Catholics obtain a sufficient numerical majority of the population of the United States—as they are destined to do—there will be an end to civil and religious liberty;" that is, we shall be governed by the incumbent of St. Peter's chair, whoever he may chance to be. The oath of every Roman Catholic bishop and archbishop binds him to absolute and unquestioned obedience, not only to the present Pope, but to his successors, and to "oppose and persecute" all who do not submit to his authority.

Was it not time to take the alarm, and to combine to resist the secret association which already threatened us with the loss of all that freemen, and free Christians, hold dear on earth? Yet the fact is, that even this did not produce any associate resistance or counteraction. We waited for some overt act of the Romish hierarchy to rouse us to opposition; and, encouraged by the ever swelling tide of Romanist immigrants from abroad, the priesthood ventured to enter upon an open field of combat, and everywhere assailed our public school system of education. The first onset was, we think, in the city of New York, by Bishop Hughes himself, who applied to the city council for one-fifth of the annual amount of the school tax, for the education of Catholic children,

alleging that the Bible, and other books offensive to the Catholic conscience, were read in the public schools. The council appointed a committee to visit the schools, and ascertain what books were read in the schools, and whether there was really anything in them which could reasonably be objected to by any religious denomination. In the meantime, the public school society had done much to appease the Romanists. They had blotted and defaced many of the books in use. Some whole pages were obliterated by being stamped with printers' ink, on other pages only paragraphs were expunged, and other pages were pasted together, thereby obliterating two pages at once.

The committee from the council entering upon their mission, most mischievously took it into their heads to visit the Roman Catholic free schools, which were of course under their exclusive management, and found there these same books without any obliterations whatever, whether by ink or paste, showing that the objection to them was a mere pretence, after all the professions made of conscientious scruples. But the committee found no Bibles there. The Bible had long since been placed in the *index expurgatorus*, and was, therefore, a forbidden book to all Romanists, unless by special permission of the bishop. We have now a large collection of the expurgated books, and find that most of the passages obliterated are historical and indisputable. So that, in fact, the demand upon the public school society was to falsify history for the accommodation of the Romanists. We are sorry the society complied; but it was done to appease, what they

supposed to be, a conscientious uneasiness on the part of a denomination whose children, most of all, required the benefit of common free school instruction.

Nothing was gained, however, by the sacrifice; and as the bishop could not prevail on the council to grant him the money, he carried his grievances to the State legislature. But neither could the general assembly be persuaded to let the bishop put his hand into the strong box; yet they did what was equivalent, going far towards destroying the best public schools in the world. A law was enacted by which the trustees were made elective, and the disinterested and able supervision of the public school society was superseded in some of the wards by men of very little education—some could not even read, and kept grog-shops at that. If any one should inquire why the governor should recommend, and the legislature enact such a measure, we reply, the Papists had votes at the command of the bishop, and the politicians were in the market.

After this the opposition to the Bible in the public schools was carried into every part of the United States; and even where it succeeded it did not appease the Romanists. The sworn enemies of knowledge among the people, nothing short of the destruction of the whole system of the common school education could satisfy the Romish hierarchy. It was now that the "Know-Nothings" effected an organization, and aroused the people everywhere to a sense of their danger; and showed that this danger was imminent, notwithstanding the Romanists were in a minority; for the majority were

divided into two great parties, each catering for the Catholic vote, which was ready everywhere, under the direction of the priesthood, to be cast in favor of whatever party would most favor the pretensions and claims of "Holy Mother Church."

We conclude, therefore, that if secret party associations are an evil, yet the organization of the "Know Nothings" is a necessary one—necessary to the salvation of the country from the despotic rule of the Romish hierarchy—to the preservation of our civil and religious freedom, and hence should be not only tolerated, but encouraged.

That the public safety cannot be entirely trusted to either of the great political parties, is evident from reason and experience. Nor would any good arise from the destruction of these parties, and the substitution of new ones; for while the contest is only between political parties, held together by the hope of public office or emolument, they will bid high for the influence of the Catholic priesthood. Any counteraction of this sinister influence must necessarily come from those who, rising above party ties and compacts, make the counteraction of the secret society which threatens the public liberty an exclusive, all-governing principle, in the exercise of the right of suffrage.

The influence of the Romanists on our political men, even Protestants, is seen in the readiness some of them show to comply with the demand of the priesthood to exclude the Bible from our common schools. They affect to consider it as a question of conscience, and if their reasoning is sound, they ought to exclude all religious teachings whatever; for

no religious doctrine, or moral precept, can be taught which will meet no objections. We hold that the State has a right to make the Bible a school book, without leave of either Catholics or Protestants. The design of public schools is not to make theologians, or churchmen of any kind, but to make good citizens. This object cannot be obtained without inculcating the doctrine of future retribution; and no book but the Bible does this by divine authority. No system of religion or ethics, not founded upon the Bible, can affect to teach of authority, or to enforce either doctrines or precepts with suitable sanctions. The Bible, then, is the only school-book which can be relied upon by the State to carry out the great purpose of common school education; and hence the State has a right to require the reading of it in the schools it maintains, without consulting the wishes of any sect or denomination.

# HAIL, COLUMBIA.

BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore?
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.

While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause:
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat:
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, &c.

# ROMANISM AND LIBERTY.

BY H. FULLER.

We entirely agree with those who hold that religion, in so far as the individual enjoyment thereof is concerned, should not enter among the tests by which the citizen is politically tried at the ballot box. Religion, simply as a matter of individual opinion and faith, is a concern which it is more safe to leave between man and his Maker, than to intrust it to any third party, whomsoever. So, at least, has its universal history proved. Mankind could scarcely have been more irreligious had creeds and priests never existed. But we do not agree with those who would shut from the ballot-box and the political forum all judgment upon religion, whether of individuals or classes, where it is beyond question that this religion has more in it of political craft than of soul-saving godliness.

To come directly to the point, we do not agree that a religion, like Roman Catholicism, judged by its record, past or present—if infallible, its record should be always the same—is entitled to that exemption from political discussion and judgment which may be, and we think is, due to the unvaunting, unambiguous, and sublime religion of Jesus. No; if there were no world-wide history, written too often in letters of blood and rapine, by which to judge it, we have seen enough in our

midst in this, its most tolerable and tolerant age, to satisfy us that, in countermining or meeting it face to face, we have, in Catholicism, to do with a vast and mighty political machinery—a machinery worked by cunning minds and skilful hands—that has, in darker ages, clasped all who disputed its claims, whether divine or temporal, to a breast, not of "tender mercy," but of implacable, life-crushing spikes and thorns.

A religion which compels its chiefs to swear, in the hour of sacred investiture," to yield *nothing* to "principalities or powers," that can conflict with the will and interests of their one and only sovereign, the temporality-grasping "Successor of St. Peter," is a political element and authority to be watched, and met, and baffled wherever the people would rule the State, or govern their own temporal affairs. A religion which exacts such fealty from its chiefs, must impose a no less dangerous obligation on its rank and file; and thus it is that, wherever the Roman Catholic is a citizen, he is bound, if Papal ambition or need demand, to abjure all other allegiance. And the fealty of the chiefs goes farther than this;—as we saw only lately, when a mutilated oath of a just consecrated Catholic Bishop was sought to be palmed off as the real, whole thing—it binds him to a ceaseless persecution, if that will avail, of any or all who are without the Catholic fold. There is no denying this, had there never been quenched a brand in a martyr's blood—had never a soul passed to heaven from the torture of the rack. It is in the nature of the religion which, of itself, is a perpetual instigaton to violence against all who are not of "the faith."

In our own country, we have seen but a mild exercise of its spirit and power, yet enough to betray the hoary and profound despotism that lies concealed beneath its local, temporary inability. It has not, among us, dared, or rather, has not seen fit—for it is politic, and patient withal—to re-thunder the motto of that Austrian bravo of the "Holy Alliance," who said "I will oppose a will of iron (steel?) to the progress of liberal principles; it has not ventured—save in petty instances—to burn sacred or profane literature in our highways; it has not kindled the material faggot, nor raised the auto-da-fe; it has not denied all decent grave-space to "heretics." No; it is not bold and brave in defence of itself; it does not spurn time-serving policy, and unmask itself, at once, in all its hideous ugliness. The spirit is there, burning with hate and vengeance, as deeply as on Bartholomew's Day, or when the Bohemian expiated his Protestantism in fire, or the Emperor-monk of Yuste dabbled his crucifix in heretic gore; but the time is not come to manifest it "in the flesh," and God grant that it never may come!

But it has done all it dared to do. It has seized on strong elements of temporal power, grasping for its Pontifical head temples, and treasures, and graves, reared, and coined, and dug by its blind followers' sweat and blood. It has isolated and armed its herd—with one weapon or other—against all hearty coalition with the people of the land. It has battled against free thought and free speech, and particularly against the education of the children of the land, free and in common. In the name of a religion which it dare not trust to the march

of mind and the progress of events, it has stood like a rock of flint in the way of liberty's watch-lights—free altars and free schools. It has opposed, secretly always, and openly when it dared, whatever tended to make a people more free and self-reliant.

If it has veiled the pageants and mummeries wherewith it has deluded and debauched in other lands, it is because the intelligence of the people at large would not tolerate them; or because, perhaps, it has found ample work for its genius and craft in attempting to stem the currents of intelligence, lest they should so widen, and swell, and burst, as to swirl down the Jesuitic Roman structure, stripping despotism of its mightiest stronghold, and ridding freedom of her deadliest foe. We have had the true programme of what Catholicism would do if it had the State in its clutches—as in Spain, or Naples, or Rome—sounded in our ears by an Archbishop's organ, "The Shepherd of the Valley." It would suppress free schools and common schools; it would crush or censor the press, and by any and every means drive back the people to the convenient barbarism of ignorance; it would make them serfs in mind, soul and body, and finally, by putting on the inquisitorial screws of an "infallible faith," have but one church, one fold, and no heretics.

Beautiful and harmonious unity! We can fancy this consummation so devoutly labored for by "Shepherds of the Valley;"—honest shepherds, but belching the truth too soon;—it would not be different from the state of Christendom ere the Reformers arose; all knees would bend, or be broken,

before "His Holiness" of Rome; all tongues would sing pæans to the tenant of the Vatican, or be plucked out by the roots; the crosier and the sword would beat the bones of heresy to dust; daring Galileos would sup in dungeons on horrors; emperors and kings, and, may be, presidents, would go a-toe-kissing, and perchance be glad to expiate some rebellious deed by a two days' shiver, *en deshabille*, in wintry weather, in a Pope's ante-chamber. Ah, there would be unity; the unity of hand-bound and tongue-tied slaves. *Protest*-ants would be hushed, even to the stillness of the grave. Then there would be a rare time for shaven monks—an imperial field of plunder and rapine.

But let us believe that a counter spirit is awake, a part of whose business it will be to smite this religion, in so far as it has a political, anti-republican aspect, on the head—smite it surely and swiftly. No intelligent Catholic, priest or layman, can say that Roman Catholicism, unshorn, is compatible with liberty. He who is true to the last extremity to his obligations as a Catholic, cannot be equally true to the Constitution and institutions of this country. The matter can be narrowed down to just so small a point as this. There is a deep, universal, crafty and dangerous political spirit in connection with the Catholic religion,—a spirit more threatening to the future of our Republic than any other. It must be hunted out, and brought into the light, and have its claws pared. Religion, purely, we would have divorced from politics, but politico-Catholicism can only be stripped as it deserves, in the free school-house, by the unmuzzled press, and at the ballot-box.

T H Matteson.

J C Buttre

# THE HEART OF "SEVENTY-SIX."

BY JANE GAY FULLER.

When our great mother's hand essayed
To whip and make us yield;
Our stubborn sires quick foot-prints made
For camp and battle-field!
The lawyer quit his client then,
The parson, wig and gown,
And hosts of panting husbandmen
Left ploughshares in the ground!

Banners of snowy mist were hung
Over one Autumn morn,
When a matron and two maidens young
Went reaping harvest corn!
The maidens were of gentle blood,
Lofty that matron's brow:
"Thou wear'st no weeds of widowhood—
Where rests thy husband now?"

"Rests!"—and she haughtily began:
"I joy to know that he
Fights foremost in the battle's van,
For Home and Liberty!

And I have taken in my hand,
The sickle in his stead;
For patriot women of the land
Should reap the winter's bread!"

"Thou elder maiden, thy fair brow
Rivals our mountain snows,
And on thy cheek scarce lingers now
The faintest tint of rose!
I met thee, ere the summer-tide,
A dreamer light and gay:
A manly form was at thy side,
Where doth the loiterer stay?"

And proudly then that maid replied:
"My lover is not one
To linger at a lady's side,
While glorious deeds are done!
He stands where battle-thunder jars,
And plumes of warriors wave,
Bearing the 'Eagle and the Stars,'
The ensign of the brave!"

"And thou, my little maiden dear,
Thou hast not strength, I ween,
To bind the heavy bundles here,
Or urge the sickle keen!

Call thy young brother from his play!
Why doth that tear-drop start?"
She said—"He is a Volunteer,
And bears a manly heart!

"We taught him lessons of the strife,
And how to use a gun,
And told him that a hero's life
Was best in youth begun!
And then he took the powder-horn,
Which our dead grandsire gave,
Shouldered his gun, and one bright morn
Went forth to join the brave!

"And are ALL gone—husband, and son—
Lover, and brother—all!
Ye lofty-hearted, still toil on!
No evil can befall,
A country, struggling mightily,
To give young Freedom birth;
The unborn infant yet shall be
The Giant of the Earth!"

# WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HÜLSEMANN.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
*Washington, December* 21, 1850.

THE undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, had the honor to receive some time ago, the note of Mr. Hülsemann, Chargé d'Affaires of his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, of the 30th September. Causes, not arising from any want of personal regard for Mr. Hülsemann, or of proper respect for his government, have delayed an answer until the present moment. Having submitted Mr. Hülsemann's letter to the President, the undersigned is now directed by him to return the following reply.

The objects of Mr. Hülsemann's note are, first, to protest, by order of his government, against the steps taken by the late President of the United States to ascertain the progress and probable result of the revolutionary movements in Hungary; and, secondly, to complain of some expressions in the instructions of the late Secretary of State to Mr. A. Dudley Mann, a confidential agent of the United States, as communicated by President Taylor to the Senate on the 28th of March last.

The principal ground of protest is founded on the idea, or in the allegation, that the Government of the United States, by the mission of Mr. Mann, and his instructions, has inter-

ferred in the domestic affairs of Austria in a manner unjust or disrespectful towards that power. The President's message was a communication made by him to the Senate, transmitting a correspondence between the Executive Government and a confidential agent of its own. This would seem to be itself a domestic transaction, a mere instance of intercourse between the President and the Senate, in the manner which is usual and indispensable in communications between the different branches of the government. It was not addressed either to Austria or Hungary; nor was it any public manifesto, to which any foreign State was called upon to reply. It was an account of its transactions communicated by the Executive Government to the Senate, at the request of that body; made public, indeed, but made public only because such is the common and usual course of proceeding; and it may be regarded as somewhat strange, therefore, that the Austrian Cabinet did not perceive that, by the instructions given to Mr. Hülsemann, it was itself interfering with the domestic concerns of a foreign State, the very thing which is the ground of its complaint against the United States.

This Department has, on former occasions, informed the ministers of foreign powers that a communication from the President to either house of Congress is regarded as a domestic communication, of which, ordinarily, no foreign State has cognizance; and, in more recent instances, the great inconvenience of making such communications subjects of diplomatic correspondence and discussion has been fully shown. If it had been the pleasure of his majesty, the Emperor of

Austria, during the struggles in Hungary, to have admonished the Provisional Government or the people of that country against involving themselves in disasters, by following the evil and dangerous example of the United States of America in making efforts for the establishment of independent Governments, such an admonition from that Sovereign to his Hungarian subjects, would not have originated here a diplomatic correspondence. The President might, perhaps, on this ground, have declined to direct any particular reply to Mr. Hülsemann's note; but, out of proper respect for the Austrian Government, it has been thought better to answer that note at length; and the more especially, as the occasion is not unfavorable for the expression of the general sentiments of the Government of the United States upon the topics which that note discusses.

A leading subject in Mr. Hülsemann's note, is that of the correspondence between Mr. Hülsemann and the predecessor of the undersigned, in which Mr. Clayton, by direction of the President, informed Mr. Hülsemann "that Mr. Mann's mission had no other object in view than to obtain reliable information as to the true state of affairs in Hungary, by personal observation." Mr. Hülsemann remarks, that "this explanation can hardly be admitted, for it says very little as to the cause of the anxiety which was felt to ascertain the chances of the revolutionists." As this, however, is the only purpose which can, with any appearance of truth, be attributed to the agency; as nothing whatever is alleged by Mr. Hülsemann to have been either done or said by the agent inconsistent with

such an object, the undersigned conceives that Mr. Clayton's explanation ought to be deemed, not only admissible, but quite satisfactory. Mr. Hülsemann states, in the course of his note, that his instructions to address his present communication to Mr. Clayton reached Washington about the time of the lamented death of the late President, and that he delayed from a sense of propriety the execution of his task until the new administration should be fully organized: "a delay which he now rejoices at, as it has given him the opportunity of ascertaining from the new President himself, on the occasion of the reception of the diplomatic corps, that the fundamental policy of the United States, so frequently proclaimed, would guide the relations of the American Government with other Powers." Mr. Hülsemann also observes that it is in his power to assure the undersigned "that the Imperial Government is disposed to cultivate relations of friendship and good understanding with the United States." The President receives this assurance of the disposition of the Imperial Government with great satisfaction, and, in consideration of the friendly relations of the two Governments, thus mutually recognized, and of the peculiar nature of the incidents by which their good understanding is supposed by Mr. Hülsemann to have been, for a moment, disturbed or endangered, the President regrets that Mr. Hülsemann did not feel himself at liberty wholly to forbear from the execution of instructions, which were of course transmitted from Vienna without any foresight of the state of things under which they would reach Washington. If Mr. Hülsemann saw, in the address of the President to the diplo-

matic corps, satisfactory pledges of the sentiments and the policy of this Government, in regard to neutral rights and neutral duties, it might, perhaps, have been better not to bring on a discussion of past transactions. But the undersigned readily admits that this was a question fit only for the consideration and decision of Mr. Hülsemann himself; and although the President does not see that any good purpose can be answered by reopening the inquiry into the propriety of the steps taken by President Taylor, to ascertain the probable issue of the late civil war in Hungary, justice to his memory requires the undersigned briefly to restate the history of those steps, and to show their consistency with the neutral policy which has invariably guided the Government of the United States in its foreign relations, as well as with the established and well-settled principles of national intercourse, and the doctrines of public law.

The undersigned will first observe that the President is persuaded, his majesty the Emperor of Austria does not think that the Government of the United States ought to view, with unconcern, the extraordinary events which have occurred, not only in his dominions, but in many other parts of Europe, since February, 1848. The Government and people of the United States, like other intelligent governments and communities, take a lively interest in the movements and events of this remarkable age, in whatever part of the world they may be exhibited. But the interest taken by the United States in those events has not proceeded from any disposition to depart from that neutrality towards foreign powers, which is

among the deepest principles and the most cherished traditions of the political history of the Union. It has been the necessary effect of the unexampled character of the events themselves, which could not fail to arrest the attention of the cotemporary world; as they will doubtless fill a memorable page in history. But the undersigned goes further, and freely admits that, in proportion as these extraordinary events appeared to have their origin in those great ideas of responsible and popular governments, on which the American Constitutions themselves are wholly founded, they could not but command the warm sympathy of the people of this country.

Well-known circumstances in their history, indeed their whole history, have made them the representatives of purely popular principles of government. In this light they now stand before the world. They could not, if they would, conceal their character, their condition, or their destiny. They could not, if they so desired, shut out from the view of mankind the causes which have placed them, in so short a national career, in the station which they now hold among the civilized States of the world. They could not, if they desired it, suppress either the thoughts or the hopes which arise in men's minds, in other countries, from contemplating their successful example of free government. That very intelligent and distinguished personage, the Emperor Joseph the Second, was among the first to discern this necessary consequence of the American Revolution on the sentiments and opinions of the people of Europe. In a letter to his Minister in the Netherlands, in 1787, he observes that "it is remarkable

that France, by the assistance which she afforded to the Americans, gave birth to reflections on freedom." This fact, which the sagacity of that monarch perceived at so early a day, is now known and admitted by intelligent powers all over the world. True, indeed, it is, that the prevalence on the other continent of sentiments favorable to republican liberty, is the result of the reaction of America upon Europe; and the source and centre of this reaction has doubtless been, and now is, in these United States. The position thus belonging to the United States is a fact as inseparable from their history, their constitutional organization, and their character, as the opposite position of the powers composing the European alliance is from the history and constitutional organization of the government of those powers. The sovereigns who form that alliance have not unfrequently felt it their right to interfere with the political movements of foreign States; and have, in their manifestoes and declarations, denounced the popular ideas of the age in terms so comprehensive as of necessity to include the United States, and their forms of government. It is well known that one of the leading principles announced by the allied sovereigns, after the restoration of the Bourbons, is, that all popular or constitutional rights are holden no otherwise than as grants and indulgences from crowned heads. "Useful and necessary changes in legislation and administration," says the Laybach Circular of May, 1821, "ought only to emanate from the free will and intelligent conviction of those whom God has rendered responsible for power; all that deviates from this line necessarily leads to disorder, commo-

tions, and evils far more insufferable than those which they pretend to remedy." And his late Austrian majesty, Francis I., is reported to have declared, in an address to the Hungarian Diet, in 1820, that "the whole world had become foolish, and, leaving their ancient laws, was in search of imaginary constitutions." These declarations amount to nothing less than a denial of the lawfulness of the origin of the Government of the United States, since it is certain that that Government was established in consequence of a change which did not proceed from thrones, or the permission of crowned heads. But the Government of the United States heard these denunciations of its fundamental principles without remonstrance, or the disturbance of its equanimity. This was thirty years ago.

The power of this Republic, at the present moment, is spread over a region, one of the richest and most fertile on the globe, and of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the House of Hapsburg are but as a patch on the earth's surface. Its population, already twenty-five millions, will exceed that of the Austrian empire within the period during which it may be hoped that Mr. Hulsemann may yet remain in the honorable discharge of his duties to his Government. Its navigation and commerce are hardly exceeded by the oldest and most commercial nations? its maritime means and its maritime power may be seen by Austria herself, in all seas where she has ports, as well as it may be seen, also, in all other quarters of the globe. Life, liberty, property, and all personal rights, are amply secured

to all citizens, and protected by just and stable laws; and credit, public and private, is as well established as in any government of Continental Europe. And the country, in all its interests and concerns, partakes most largely in all the improvements and progress which distinguish the age. Certainly, the United States may be pardoned, even by those who profess adherence to the principles of absolute governments, if they entertain an ardent affection for those popular forms of political organization which have so rapidly advanced their own prosperity and happiness, which enabled them, in so short a period, to bring their country, and the hemisphere to which it belongs, to the notice and respectful regard, not to say the admiration, of the civilized world. Nevertheless, the United States have abstained, at all times, from acts of interference with the political changes of Europe. They can not, however, fail to cherish always a lively interest in the fortunes of nations struggling for institutions like their own. But this sympathy, so far from being necessarily a hostile feeling towards any of the parties to these great national struggles, is quite consistent with amicable relations with them all. The Hungarian people are three or four times as numerous as the inhabitants of these United States were when the American Revolution broke out. They possess, in a distinct language, and in other respects, important elements of a separate nationality, which the Anglo-Saxon race in this country did not possess; and if the United States wish success to countries contending for popular constitutions and national independence, it is only because they regard such constitutions

and such national independence, not as imaginary, but as real blessings. They claim no right, however, to take part in the struggles of foreign powers in order to promote these ends. It is only in defence of his own Government, and its principles and character, that the undersigned has now expressed himself on this subject. But when the United States behold the people of foreign countries, without any such interference, spontaneously moving towards the adoption of institutions like their own, it surely can not be expected of them to remain wholly indifferent spectators.

In regard to the recent very important occurrences in the Austrian Empire, the undersigned freely admits the difficulty which exists in this country, and is alluded to by Mr. Hülsemann, of obtaining accurate information. But this difficulty is by no means to be ascribed to what Mr. Hülsemann calls —with little justice, as it seems to the undersigned—"the mendacious rumors propagated by the American press." For information on this subject, and others of the same kind, the American press is, of necessity, almost wholly dependent upon that of Europe; and if "mendacious rumors" respecting Austrian and Hungarian affairs have been anywhere propagated, that propagation of falsehoods has been most prolific on the European continent, and in countries immediately bordering on the Austrian Empire. But, wherever these errors may have originated, they certainly justified the late President in seeking true information through authentic channels. His attention was first particularly drawn to the state of things in Hungary, by the correspondence of Mr.

Stiles, Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Vienna. In the autumn of 1848, an application was made to this gentleman, on behalf of Mr. Kossuth, formerly minister of finance for the kingdom of Hungary by Imperial appointment, but at the time the application was made, chief of the Revolutionary Government. The object of this application was to obtain the good offices of Mr. Stiles with the Imperial Government, with a view to the suspension of hostilities. This application became the subject of a conference between Prince Schwarzenberg, the Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Stiles. The Prince commended the considerateness and propriety with which Mr. Stiles had acted; and, so far from disapproving his interference, advised him, in case he received a further communication from the Revolutionary Government in Hungary, to have an interview with Prince Windischgratz, who was charged by the Emperor with the proceedings determined on in relation to that kingdom. A week after these occurrences, Mr. Stiles received, through a secret channel, a communication signed by L. Kossuth, president of the committee of defence, and countersigned by Francis Pulsky, secretary of state. On the receipt of this communication, Mr. Stiles had an interview with Prince Windischgratz, "who received him with the utmost kindness, and thanked, him for his efforts toward reconciling the existing difficulties." Such were the incidents which first drew the attention of the Government of the United States particularly to the affairs of Hungary, and the conduct of Mr. Stiles, though acting without instruction in a matter of much delicacy, having

been viewed with satisfaction by the Imperial Government, was approved by that of the United States.

In the course of the year 1848, and in the early part of 1849, a considerable number of Hungarians came to the United States. Among them were individuals representing themselves to be in the confidence of the Revolutionary Government, and by these persons the President was strongly urged to recognize the existence of that Government. In these applications, and in the manner in which they were viewed by the President, there was nothing unusual; still less was there anything unauthorized by the law of nations. It is the right of every independent State to enter into friendly relations with every other independent State. Of course, questions of prudence naturally arise in reference to new States, brought by successful revolutions into the family of nations; but it is not to be required of neutral powers that they should await the recognition of the new Government by the parent State. No principle of public law has been more frequently acted upon, within the last thirty years, by the great powers of the world than this. Within that period eight or ten new States have established independent Governments within the limits of the colonial dominions of Spain, on this continent; and in Europe the same thing has been done by Belgium and Greece. The existence of all these Governments was recognized by some of the leading powers of Europe, as well as by the United States, before it was acknowledged by the States from which they had separated themselves. If, therefore, the United States had gone

so far as formally to acknowledge the independence of Hungary, although, as the result has proved, it would have been a precipitate step, and one from which no benefit would have resulted to either party, it would not, nevertheless, have been an act against the law of nations, provided they took no part in her contest with Austria. But the United States did no such thing. Not only did they not yield to Hungary any actual countenance or succor, not only did they not show their ships-of-war in the Adriatic with any menacing or hostile aspect, but they studiously abstained from everything which had not been done in other cases in times past, and contented themselves with instituting an inquiry into the truth and reality of alleged political occurrences. Mr. Hülsemann incorrectly states, unintentionally certainly, the nature of the mission of this agent, when he says that "a United States agent had been dispatched to Vienna with orders to watch for a favorable moment to recognize the Hungarian republic, and to conclude a treaty of commerce with the same." This, indeed, would have been a lawful object, but Mr. Mann's errand was, in the first instance, purely one of inquiry. He had no power to act, unless he had first come to the conviction that a firm and stable Hungarian Government existed. "The principal object the President has in view," according to his instructions, "is to obtain minute and reliable information in regard to Hungary in connection with the affairs of adjoining countries, the probable issue of the present revolutionary movements, and the chances we may have of forming commercial arrangements with that power

favorable to the United States." Again, in the same paper, it is said: "The object of the President is to obtain information in regard to Hungary, and her resources and prospects, with a view to an early recognition of her independence, and the formation of commercial relations with her." It was only in the event that the new Government should appear, in the opinion of the agent, to be firm and stable, that the President proposed to recommend its recognition.

Mr. Hülsemann, in qualifying these steps of President Taylor with the epithet of "hostile," seems to take for granted that the inquiry could, in the expectation of the President, have but one result, and that favorable to Hungary. If this were so, it would not change the case. But the American government sought for nothing but truth; it desired to learn the facts through a reliable channel. It so happened, in the chances and vicissitudes of human affairs, that the result was adverse to the Hungarian Revolution. The American agent, as was stated in his instructions to be not unlikely, found the condition of Hungarian affairs less prosperous than it had been, or had been believed to be. He did not enter Hungary, nor hold any direct communication with her revolutionary leaders. He reported against the recognition of her independence, because he found she had been unable to set up a firm and stable government. He carefully forbore, as his instructions required, to give publicity to his mission, and the undersigned supposes that the Austrian government first learned its existence from the communications of the President to the Senate.

Mr Hülsemann will observe from this statement that Mr. Mann's mission was wholly unobjectionable, and strictly within the rule of the law of nations, and the duty of the United States as a neutral power. He will accordingly feel how little foundation there is for his remark, that "those who did not hesitate to assume the responsibility of sending Mr. Dudley Mann on such an errand, should, independent of considerations of propriety, have borne in mind that they were exposing their emissary to be treated as a spy." A spy is a person sent by one belligerent to gain secret information of the forces and defences of the other, to be used for hostile purposes. According to practice, he may use deception, under the penalty of being lawfully hanged if detected. To give this name and character to a confidential agent of a neutral power, bearing the commission of his country, and sent for a purpose fully warranted by the law of nations, is not only to abuse language, but also to confound all just ideas, and to announce the wildest and most extravagant notions, such as certainly were not to be expected in a grave diplomatic paper; and the President directs the undersigned to say to Mr. Hülsemann, that the American Government would regard such an imputation upon it by the Cabinet of Austria, as that it employs spies, and that in a quarrel none of its own, as distinctly offensive, if it did not presume, as it is willing to presume, that the word used in the original German was not of equivalent meaning with "spy" in the English language, or that in some other way the employment of such an opprobrious term may be explained. Had the Imperial

Government of Austria subjected Mr. Mann to the treatment of a spy, it would have placed itself without the pale of civilized nations; and the Cabinet of Vienna may be assured that if it had carried, or attempted to carry, any such lawless purpose into effect, in the case of an authorized agent of this Government, the spirit of the people of this country would have demanded immediate hostilities to be waged by the utmost exertion of the power of the Republic, military and naval.

Mr. Hülsemann proceeds to remark that "this extremely painful incident, therefore, might have been passed over, without any written evidence being left on our part in the archives of the United States, had not General Taylor thought proper to revive the whole subject, by communicating to the Senate, in his message of the 18th [28th] of last March, the instructions with which Mr. Mann had been furnished on the occasion of his mission to Vienna. The publicity which has been given to that document has placed the Imperial Government under the necessity of entering a formal protest, through its official representatives, against the proceedings of the American Government, lest that Government should construe our silence into approbation, or toleration even, of the principles which appear to have guided its action and the means it has adopted." The undersigned reasserts to Mr. Hülsemann, and to the Cabinet of Vienna, and in the presence of the world, that the steps taken by President Taylor, now protested against by the Austrian Government, were warranted by the law of nations and agreeable to the usages of civilized States. With

respect to the communication of Mr. Mann's instructions to the Senate, and the language in which they are couched, it has already been said, and Mr. Hülsemann must feel the justice of the remark, that these are domestic affairs, in reference to which the Government of the United States can not admit the slightest responsibility to the Government of his Imperial Majesty. No State, deserving the appellation of independent, can permit the language in which it may instruct its own officers in the discharge of their duties to itself to be called in question, under any pretext, by a foreign power. But, even if this were not so, Mr. Hülsemann is in an error in stating that the Austrian Government is called an "Iron Rule" in Mr. Mann's instructions. That phrase is not found in the paper; and in respect to the honorary epithet bestowed in Mr. Mann's instructions on the late chief of the Revolutionary Government of Hungary, Mr. Hülsemann will bear in mind that the Government of the United States can not justly be expected, in a confidential communication to its own agent, to withhold from an individual an epithet of distinction of which a great part of the world thinks him worthy, merely on the ground that his own Government regards him as a rebel. At an early stage of the American Revolution, while Washington was considered by the English Government as a rebel chief, he was regarded on the continent of Europe as an illustrious hero. But the undersigned will take the liberty of bringing the Cabinet of Vienna into the presence of its own predecessors, and of citing for its consideration the conduct of the Imperial Government itself. In the year 1777, the war of the

American Revolution was raging all over these United States; England was prosecuting that war with a most resolute determination, and by the exertion of all her military means to the fullest extent. Germany was at that time at peace with England; and yet an agent of that Congress, which was looked upon by England in no other light than that of a body in open rebellion, was not only received with great respect by the embassador of the Empress Queen at Paris, and by the minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who afterwards mounted the imperial throne, but resided in Vienna for a considerable time; not, indeed, officiously acknowledged, but treated with courtesy and respect; and the Emperor suffered himself to be persuaded by that agent to exert himself to prevent the German powers from furnishing troops to England to enable her to suppress the rebellion in America. Neither Mr. Hülsemann, nor the Cabinet of Vienna, it is presumed, will undertake to say that anything said or done by this Government in regard to the recent war between Austria and Hungary is not borne out, and much more than borne out, by this example of the Imperial Court. It is believed that the Emperor Joseph the Second habitually spoke in terms of respect and admiration of the character of Washington, as he is known to have done of that of Franklin; and he deemed it no infraction of neutrality to inform himself of the progress of the Revolutionary struggle in America, nor to express his deep sense of the merits and the talents of those illustrious men who were then leading their country to independence and renown. The undersigned may add, that in 1781, the courts

of Russia and Austria proposed a diplomatic Congress of the belligerent powers, to which the commissioners of the United State should be admitted.

Mr. Hülsemann thinks that in Mr. Mann's instructions, improper expressions are introduced in regard to Russia; but the undersigned has no reason to suppose that Russia herself is of that opinion. The only observation made in those instructions about Russia is, that she "has chosen to assume an attitude of interference, and her immense preparations for invading and reducing the Hungarians to the rule of Austria, from which they desire to be released, gave so serious a character to the contest as to awaken the most painful solicitude in the minds of Americans." The undersigned cannot but consider the Austrian Cabinet as unnecessarily susceptible in looking upon language like this as a "hostile demonstration." If we remember that it was addressed by the Government to its own agent, and has received publicity only through a communication from one Department of the American Government to another, the language quoted must be deemed moderate and inoffensive. The comity of nations would hardly forbid its being addressed to the two Imperial Powers themselves. It is scarcely necessary for the undersigned to say, that the relations of the United States with Russia have always been of the most friendly kind, and have never been deemed by either party to require any compromise of their peculiar views upon subjects of domestic or foreign policy, or the true origin of governments. At any rate, the fact that Austria in her contest with Hungary, had an intimate and

faithful ally in Russia, cannot alter the real nature of the question between Austria and Hungary, nor in any way affect the neutral rights and duties of the Government of the United States, or the justifiable sympathies of the American people. It is, indeed, easy to conceive, that favor toward struggling Hungary would not be diminished, but increased, when it was seen that the arm of Austria was strengthened and upheld by a power whose assistance threatened to be, and which in the end proved to be, overwhelmingly destructive of all her hopes.

Toward the conclusion of his note, Mr. Hülsemann remarks that "if the Government of the United States were to think it proper to take an indirect part in the political movements of Europe, American policy would be exposed to acts of retaliation, and to certain inconveniencies which would not fail to affect the commerce and industry of the two hemispheres." As to this possible fortune, this hypothetical retaliation, the Government and people of the United States are quite willing to take their chances and abide their destiny. Taking neither a direct nor an indirect part in the domestic or intestine movements of Europe, they have no fear of events of the nature alluded to by Mr. Hülsemann. It would be idle now to discuss with Mr. Hülsemann those acts of retaliation which he imagines may possibly take place at some indefinite time hereafter. Those questions will be discussed when they arise; and Mr. Hülsemann and the Cabinet of Vienna may rest assured that, in the mean time, while performing with strict and exact fidelity all their neutral duties,

nothing will deter either the Government or the people of the United States from exercising, at their own discretion, the rights belonging to them as an independent nation, and of forming and expressing their own opinions, freely and at all times, upon the great political events which may transpire among the civilized nations of the earth. Their own institutions stand upon the broadest principles of civil liberty; and believing those principles and the fundamental laws in which they are embodied to be eminently favorable to the prosperity of States—to be, in fact, the only principles of government which meet the demands of the present enlightened age—the President has perceived, with great satisfaction, that, in the Constitution recently introduced into the Austrian Empire, many of these great principles are recognized and applied, and he cherishes a sincere wish that they may produce the same happy effects throughout his Austrian Majesty's extensive dominions that they have done in the United States.

The undersigned has the honor to repeat to Mr. Hülsemann the assurance of his high consideration.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

# THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and shores.
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And, lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and grey,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State,
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

## WIDE-AWAKE.

WIDE-AWAKE! wide-awake! fogy and sleeper,
Dream not the battle of life;
Wide-awake! wide-awake! laggard and creeper,
Lagging is losing the strife;
Wide-awake! wide-awake! office and honor
Fly from the dreamer away;
Wide-awake! wide-awake! keep your eye on her—
Fortune is fickle as gay;
Wide-awake! wide-awake! up and be doing:
All that's worth having is won but by wooing.

Wide-awake! wide-awake! while the game's going,
Try it, and have a hand in;
Wide-awake! wide-awake! while the wind's blowing,
Look to your helm, and you win;
Wide-awake! wide-awake! priest and law-maker,
Up! or be left in the rear;
Wide-awake! wide-awake! people—the breaker
Is always ahead that's to fear.

# ROMANISM.

BY H. FULLER.

We don't believe in Romanism. We regard the Pope as an imposter; and the Mother Church as the mother of abominations. We don't believe in the close shaven, white-cravated, black-coated priesthood, who profess to "mortify the flesh," by eschewing matrimony and violating nature. We don't believe in the mummeries of prayers in unknown tongues; nor in the impious assumption of the power to forgive sins—to send the soul of a murderer to heaven, or to curse the soul of a good man down to the other place. We don't believe in Nunneries, where beauty that was made to bloom and beam on the world is immured and immolated, not to say prostituted. We don't believe in "John, Archbishop of New York," any more than we believe in ten thousand other Johns who make no pretensions to extra piety, and who do not arrogate to themselves any of the awful prerogatives of Divine Power.

And what reasons have we to offer for these daring negations. In the first place, we find nothing in the preaching or practice of the meek and lowly Christ to sanction the assumptions, the pomposities, and the absurdities of Romanism. *He* mumbled no prayers which the multitude could not understand; but taught them simply to say "OUR FATHER." *He*

gave no orders for the building of St. Peter's; but taught his disciples in the streets, in the cornfields, by the sea-shore; and upon the mountains. *He* said nothing about burning candles, or counting beads, or kissing anybody's great toe. Nothing about the establishment of Convents, or of Inquisitions; or of a class of men to live on tithes, and suck their sustenance from other men's labors. *He* never called his followers to take up arms in defence of their faith, much less of their Churches, for they had none; but told the zealous and impetuous Peter to put up his sword; and not to fight with carnal weapons in behalf of One whose kingdom was not of this world.

Another reason for rejecting Romanism is, that it is incompatible with Republicanism. It is essentially the religion of ignorance and superstition. It is based upon the fears of men—and these fears grow out of their vices. What need has an honest man of any "confessional" outside of his own heart, or his own closet? Why resort to the impossible intervention of the Priest to settle an account between himself and his God? The very statement of the proposition exposes the impious absurdity of the creed.

But do we, then, believe that all Romanists are not Christians? By no means. The memory of Fenelon is sufficient to redeem any sect from utter condemnation; and he is but one of hundreds of Roman Catholics whose beautiful lives are embalmed in history.—It is the institution, the Church itself, that we detest, and not its individual members. The uneducated, ignorant believer in Romanism, may sincerely and

honestly cherish his faith. It is with him simply the "*fides carbonaria*"—the faith of the collier, who, when asked about his religious belief, replied that he believed what the Church believed; and when asked what the Church believed, innocently said, the Church believed what *he* believed. But the more intelligent Romanist can hardly be sincere in his professions.—He *knows* that Popery is a humbug; that Pio Nino is no more than a man, upon whose life and conduct the All-Seeing God looks with the same impartial eye that he looks on all his creatures. He knows that there is no especial virtue in the Pope's blessing (not half so much as in his mother's), and that his anathemas are as idle as the commonest every-day denunciation—not half as much to be feared as a hot curse shot from the heart of some blasted woman. He knows, in a word, that Popes, Cardinals and Bishops are but fallible mortals, mere worms of the dust, whose ashes, a hundred years hence, the most bigoted papist on the earth would not be able to distinguish from those of the noblest heretic whom the Church has ever burned for daring to assert his belief in the supremacy of man over all his institutions,—for acknowledging his allegiance to the eternal God rather than to a mere creature of a day like himself.

# BUNKER HILL.

BY RICHARD HAYWARDE.

It was a starry night in June; the air was soft and still,
When the "minute-men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill:
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!"

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!"
The trench is marked—the tools are brought—we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work, with mattock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made:
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry, "All's well!"

And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the deep,
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.
Sleep on, thou bloody hireling crew! in careless slumber lie;
The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-work broad and high:
No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in check,
The drum that beat at Louisburgh, and thundered in Quebec!
And thou, whose promise is deceit, no more thy word we'll trust,
Thou butcher GAGE! thy power and thee we'll humble in the dust;
Thou and thy tory minister have boasted to thy brood,
"The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled with our blood!"
But though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal is all in vain:
A thousand freemen shall rise up for every freeman slain;
And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones they raise the mighty shout,
This soil their Palestine shall be! their altar this redoubt!

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky;
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;
The Lively's hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied,
For the ruddy flash and round shot part in thunder from her side;
And the Falcon and the Cerberus make every bosom thrill,
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boatswain's whistle shrill;

But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is drawing nigh!

Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant PRESCOTT stands
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it with his hands:
Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join the fray:
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hairs, and face all flush and sweat,
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet.

But thou, whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy years,
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou (the youngest of thy peers)
Wert born, and bred, and shaped, and made to act a patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood to the heart!
Well may ye bark, ye British wolves! with leaders such as they,
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to lead the way:
As once before, scarce two months since, we followed on your track,
And with our rifles marked the road ye took in going back.
Ye slew a sick man in his bed; ye slew, with hands accursed,
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe she nursed:
By their own doors our kinsmen fell and perished in the strife;
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a freeman's life,

By Tanner brook and Lincoln bridge, before the shut of sun,
We took the recompense we claimed—a score for every one!

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight—and now they're pushing off;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep;
And now they're forming at the Point—and now the lines advance:
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance;
We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle challenge ring:
Quick bursts, and loud, the flashing cloud, and rolls from wing to wing.
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its gloom,
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.

And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn strength;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart burst
From every gun the vivid light upon the foe accurst:
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born people's ire;
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept the yeoman's fire;

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel,
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel:
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the dead,
"Hurrah! they run! the field is won!" "Hurrah! the foe is fled!"
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for Home and Native Land.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes;
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose!
And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening in the skies,
We saw, from Charlestown's roofs and walls, the flamy columns rise;
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records a warrior-grave?

What though the day to us was lost? Upon that deathless page
The everlasting charter stands, for every land and age!
For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast them in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the trust;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom pour
O'er every nation, race and clime, on every sea and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid the darkest skies,
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise rise.

# BEST POLICY IN REGARD TO NATURALIZATION.

BY LEWIS C. LEVIN.

EACH hour will behold this tide of foreign emigration rising higher and higher, growing stronger and stronger, rushing bolder and bolder.

The past furnishes no test of the future, and the future threatens to transcend all calculations of this formidable evil. View this great subject in any light, and it still flings back upon us the reflected rays of reason, patriotism, and philanthropy. The love of our native land is an innate, holy, and irradicable passion. Distance only strengthens it—time only concentrates the feeling that causes the tear to gush from the eye of the emigrant, as old age peoples by the vivid memory the active present with the happy past. In what land do we behold the foreigner, who denies this passion of the heart? It is nature's most holy decree, nor is it in human power to repeal the law, which is passed on the mother's breast, and confirmed by the father's voice. The best policy of the wise statesman is to model his laws on the holy ordinances of nature. If the heart of the alien is in his native land—if all his dearest thoughts and fondest affections cluster around the altar of his native gods—let us not disturb his enjoyments by placing this burden of new affections on his bosom, through the moral

force of an oath of allegiance, and the onerous obligation of political duties that are against his sympathies, and call on him to renounce feelings that he can never expel from his bosom. Let us secure him the privilege, at least, of mourning for his native land, by withholding obligations he cannot discharge either with fidelity, ability, or pleasure. Give him time, sir, to wean himself from his early love. A long list of innumerable duties will engage all his attention during his political novitiate, in addition to those comprised in reforming the errors and prejudices of the nursery, and in creating and forming new opinions, congenial to the vast field which lies spread before him in morals, politics, and life. A due reflection will convince every alien, when his passions are not inflamed by the insidious appeals of senseless demagogues, that his highest position is that of a moral agent in the full enjoyment of all the attributes of civil freedom, preparing the minds and hearts of his children to become faithful, intelligent, and virtuous republicans, born to a right that vindicates itself by the holy ties of omnipotent nature, and which, while God sanctions and consecrates, no man can dispute.

## THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

BY H. F. GOULD.

With cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his tender finger twines
Those scattered locks, that, with the flight
Of fourscore years, are snowy white;
And, as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, "Grandpa, what wounded you?"

"My child, 'tis five-and-fifty years
This very day, this very hour,
Since, from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun
Behind the hills of Lexington;
While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brothers lay for freedom slain!

"And ere that fight, the first that spoke
In thunder to our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore!

'Tis since that dread and wild affray,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

"When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May Freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unblighted product of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil!
And, while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

"But, should thy country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grandsire's trusty sword:
And, undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember, on the battle field,
I made the hand of God my shield:
And be thou spared, like me, to tell
What bore thee up, while others fell!"

# NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

How deep and abiding in the human heart, is the love of native land. Civilized or savage, man feels the same strong, unalterable devotion to the soil and clime which gave him birth, and though it be in the icy north, or amid the sands of the tropics, he clings to it as the kindest and brightest spot of God's earth. No time nor distance can efface the impression, and whether he be through life a dweller in the place of his nativity, or from infancy an exile or wanderer in strange lands, his heart will yearn towards and long for his native land.

The sentiment is universal as the human race. Other lands than our own may lure us with brighter skies and more varied scenes, for a time. We may eat the bread and drink the waters or wines of foreign climes, and be merry even in the house of the stranger; but when the novelty of change is past, and the banquet of excitement palls, the memory of the first home-hearth, the native land, breaks in upon the heart with a light, mellow and rich as the glow of the setting summer sun.

God has written this holy love in the heart of man for wise and beautiful purposes. Without it, man would be a ro-

and robber, having neither society, civilization, government nor country. To-day, he would pitch his tent and dig a grave in the desert; to-morrow, his home would be in the wilderness. Wherever there was most to tempt the passions of his nature, thither would he go, building his hearth without care for the future, and leaving it without thought or regret for the past. To him, history, associations, and old landmarks would have no charm;—like Cain, he would be an outcast and wanderer in the earth.

But there are none such; every man feels irresistibly drawn towards his native land, wherever he may be. Towards that spot he turns his eyes, as the Hebrew does towards the East, the Moslem towards his Mecca, and the Magian towards the Sun. It fills his day visions and his night dreams—his prayers, his memories, and his hopes. It makes him a patriot, a martyr, a friend, and a fellow-loving, civilized man. God bless the native land!

# UNION.

THE blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gulf, and by the lakes of Maine;
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand,
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by the dark Atlantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West,
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast;
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours,
With those who see December's brow enwreathed with gorgeous flowers.

From where Columbia laughs to meet the smiling western wave,
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;
And from the steaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood,
The glory of a nation's Past thrills through a kindred blood!

Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's gory
height,
Or can the North give up her boast of Yorktown's closing
fight?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly
waves?

Can ye casts lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer 'mid the gloom
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's
tomb?
Or could you meet around his grave as fratricidal foes,
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

YE DARE NOT! is the Alleghanian thunder-toned decree:
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea;
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery Southern
shore,
And where, through frowning mountain gates, Nebraska's
wa;ers roar!

# THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

I PROFESS, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our country has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outran its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether,

with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the People when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the Sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous Ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured,—bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—*What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly—*Liberty first and Union afterwards*—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole Heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

## ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1833.

BY MARIA JAMES.

I SEE that banner proudly wave—
Yes, proudly waving yet;
Not a stripe is torn from the broad array,
Not a single star is set;
And the eagle, with unruffled plume,
Is soaring aloft in the welkin dome.

Not a leaf is plucked from the branch he bears;
From his grasp not an arrow has flown;
The mist that obstructed his vision is past,
And the murmur of discord is gone:
For he sees, with a glance over mountain and plain,
The Union unbroken, from Georgia to Maine.

Far southward, in that sunny clime,
Where bright magnolias bloom,
And the orange with the lime tree vies
In shedding rich perfume,
A sound was heard like the ocean's roar,
As its surges break on the rocky shore.

Was it the voice of the tempest loud,
As it felled some lofty tree,
Or a sudden flash from a passing storm
Of heaven's artillery?
But it died away, and the sound of doves
Is heard again in the scented groves.

The links are all united still
That form the golden chain,
And peace and plenty smile around,
Throughout the wide domain:
How feeble is language, how cold is the lay,
Compared with the joy of this festival day—

To see that banner waving yet—
Ay, waving proud and high—
No rent in all its ample folds,
No stain of crimson dye:
And the eagle spreads his pinions fair,
And mounts aloft in the fields of air.

# THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

THIS is that day of the year which announced to mankind the great fact of American Independence! This fresh and brilliant morning blesses our vision with another beholding of the birth-day of our nation: and we see that nation, of recent origin, now among the most considerable and powerful, and spreading over the continent from sea to sea.

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way;
> The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
> Time's noblest offering is the last."

On the day of the Declaration of Independence, our illustrious fathers performed the first scene in the last great act of this drama: one, in real importance, infinitely exceeding that for which the great English poet invoked

> "A muse of fire,
> A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
> And monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

The Muse inspiring our fathers was the Genius of Liberty, all on fire with a sense of oppression, and a resolution to throw it off; the whole world was the stage, and higher characters than princes trod it; and, instead of monarch, countries, and nations, and the age, beheld the swelling scene. How well

the characters were cast, and how well each acted his part, and what emotions the whole performance excited, let history, now and hereafter, tell.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause, and the protection of Heaven,—and yet made not without deep solicitude and anxiety,—has now stood for seventy-five years, and still stands. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers, and overcome them; it has had enemies, and conquered them; it has had detractors, and abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all the doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love, and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed from it, with profound admiration.

This aniversary animates, and gladdens, and unites, all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warmth, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, now cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this

day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him, every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

# SEVENTY-SIX.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung
When, through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And. from the sods of grove and glen,

Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

# THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

BY E. EVERETT.

Just as Washington was passing from boyhood to youth, the enterprise and capital of Virginia were seeking a new field for exercise and investment, in the unoccupied public domain beyond the mountains. The business of a surveyor immediately became one of great importance and trust, for no surveys were executed by the government. To this occupation the youthful Washington, not yet sixteen years of age, and well furnished with the requisite mathematical knowledge, zealously devoted himself. Some of his family connections possessed titles to large portions of public land, which he was employed with them in surveying.

Thus, at a period of life when, in a more advanced stage of society, the intelligent youth is occupied in the elementary studies of the schools and colleges, Washington was carrying the surveyor's chain through the fertile valleys of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains; passing days and weeks in the wilderness, beneath the shadows of eternal forests; listening to the voice of the waterfalls, which man's art had not yet set to the healthful music of the saw-mill or the trip-hammer; reposing from the labors of the day on a bear-skin, with his feet to the blazing logs of a camp-fire; and

sometimes startled from the deep slumbers of careless, hard-working youth, by the alarm of the Indian war-whoop.

This was the gymnastic school in which Washington was brought up; in which his quick glance was formed, destined to range hereafter across the battle-field, through clouds of smoke and bristling rows of bayonets; the school in which his senses, weaned from the taste for those detestable indulgences, miscalled pleasures, in which the flower of adolescence so often languishes and pines away, were early braced up to the sinewy manhood which becomes the

"Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

There is preserved among the papers of Washington a letter, written to a friend while he was engaged on his first surveying tour, and when he was, consequently, but sixteen years of age. I quote a sentence from it, in spite of the homeliness of the details, for which I like it the better, and because I wish to set before you, not an ideal hero, wrapped in cloudy generalities and a mist of vague panegyric, but the real, identical man, with all the peculiarities of his life and occupation.

"Your letter," says he, "gave me the more pleasure, as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed; but, after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire, upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear-skin—whichever was to be had—with man wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy

is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain, every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistoles."

If there is an individual in the morning of life who has not yet made his choice between the flowery path of indulgence and the rough ascent of honest industry—if there is one who is ashamed to get his living by any branch of honest labor—let him reflect that the youth who was carrying the theodolite and surveyor's chain through the mountain passes of the Alleghanies, in the month of March, sleeping on a bundle of hay before the fire, in a settler's log-cabin, and not ashamed to boast that he did it for his doubloon a day, is George Washington; that the life he led trained him up to command the armies of United America; that the money he earned was the basis of that fortune which enabled him afterwards to bestow his services, without reward, on a bleeding and impoverished country.

For three years was the young Washington employed, the greater part of the time, and whenever the season would permit, in this laborious and healthful occupation; and I know not if it would be deemed unbecoming, were a thoughtful student of our history to say that he could almost hear the voice of Providence, in the language of Milton, announce its high purpose,

> "To exercise him in the wilderness;
> There shall he first lay down the rudiments
> Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
> To conquer!"

# COLUMBIA.

BY T. DWIGHT.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time;
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name;
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages, unrivall'd, shall soar
To fame, unextinguish'd when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;

Here, grateful, to Heaven with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire :
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the East and the South yield their spices and gold ;
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd—
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired ;
Perfumes as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung :
" Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

# THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

BY JOHN M. MASON.

It must ever be difficult to compare the merits of Washington's characters, because he always appeared greatest in that which he last sustained. Yet if there is a preference, it must be assigned to the lieutenant-general of the armies of America. Not because the duties of that station were more arduous than those which he had often performed, but because it more fully displayed his magnanimity. While others become great by elevation, Washington becomes greater by condescension. Matchless patriot! to stoop, on public motives, to an inferior appointment, after possessing and dignifying the highest offices! Thrice favored country, which boasts of such a citizen! We gaze with astonishment: we exult that we are Americans. We augur everything great, and good, and happy. But whence this sudden horror? What means that cry of agony? Oh! 'tis the shriek of America! The fairy vision is fled: Washington is—no more!—

"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

Daughters of America, who erst prepared the festal bower and the laurel wreath, plant now the cypress grove, and water it with tears.

"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

The death of Washington, Americans, has revealed the extent of our loss. It has given us the final proof that we never mistook him. Take his affecting testament, and read the secrets of his soul. Read all the power of domestic virtue. Read his strong love of letters and of liberty. Read his fidelity to republican principle, and his jealousy of national character.

In his acts, Americans, you have seen the man. In the complicated excellence of character, he stands alone. Let no future Plutarch attempt the iniquity of parallel. Let no soldier of fortune, let no usurping conqueror, let not Alexander or Cæsar, let not Cromwell or Bonaparte, let none among the dead or the living, appear in the same picture with Washington: or let them appear as the shade to his light.

# MONODY ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

BY RICHARD ALSOP.

BEFORE the splendors of thy high renown,
How fade the glow-worm lustres of a crown!
How sink, diminish'd, in that radiance lost,
The glare of conquest, and of power the boast!
Let Greece her Alexander's deeds proclaim,
Or Cæsar's triumphs gild the Roman name;
Stript of the dazzling glare around them cast,
Shrinks at their crimes humanity aghast;
With equal claim to honor's glorious meed,
See Attila his course of havoc lead;
O'er Asia's realm, in one vast ruin hurl'd,
See furious Zinges' bloody flag unfurl'd.
On base far different from the conqueror's claim,
Rests the unsullied column of thy fame;
His on the graves of millions proudly based,
With blood cemented and with tears defaced;
Thine on a nation's welfare fixed sublime,
By freedom strengthen'd, and revered by time;
He, as the comet whose portentous light
Spreads baleful splendor o'er the glooms of night,

With dire amazement chills the startled breast,
While storms and earthquakes dread its course attest;
And nature trembles, lest in chaos hurl'd
Should sink the tottering fragment of the world ;
Thine, like the sun, whose kind, propitious ray,
Opes the glad morn, and lights the fields of day,
Dispels the wintry storm, the chilling rain,
With rich abundance clothes the fertile plain,
Gives all creation to rejoice around,
And light and life extends, o'er nature's utmost bound
Though shone thy life a model bright of praise,
Not less the example bright thy death portrays ;
When, plunged in deepest woe around thy bed,
Each eye was fix'd, despairing sunk each head,
While nature struggled with extremest pain,
And scarce could life's last lingering powers retain ;
In that dread moment, awfully serene,
No trace of suffering marked thy placid mien,
No groan, no murmuring plaint escaped thy tongue ;
No longing shadows o'er thy hrow were hung ;
But, calm in Christian hope, undamp'd with fear,
Thou sawst the high reward of virtue near.
On that bright meed, in surest trust reposed,
As thy firm hand thine eyes expiring closed,
Pleased, to the will of Heaven resign'd thy breath,
And smiled, as nature's struggles closed in death.

# THE MAYFLOWER.

BY E. EVERETT.

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely sea-worthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggering vessel.

I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and

exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months they were all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter storm, beating upon the houseless head of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of the blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollections of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some or all of them united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious!

# THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

THE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day
When the Mayflower moor'd below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.
The mists, that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens look'd dark is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.
The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night

On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the Pilgrim,—where is he?
The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallow'd spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as it leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.
The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With their holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

# THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS.

BY DR. BEECHER.

We are called upon to cherish with high veneration and grateful recollections, the memory of our fathers. Both the ties of nature and the dictates of policy, demand this. And surely, no nation had ever less occasion to be ashamed of its ancestry, or more occasion for gratulation in that respect; for, while most nations trace their origin to barbarians, the foundations of our nation were laid by civilized men—by Christians. Many of them were men of distinguished families, of powerful talents, of great learning, and of pre-eminent wisdom, of decision of character, and of most inflexible integrity. And yet, not unfrequently, they have been treated as if they had no virtues; while their sins and follies have been sedulously immortalized in satirical anecdote.

The influence of such treatment of our fathers is too manifest. It creates, and lets loose upon their institutions, the vandal spirit of innovation and overthrow; for, after the memory of our fathers shall have been rendered contemptible, who will appreciate and sustain their institutions? *The memory of our fathers*, should be the watchword of liberty throughout the land: for, imperfect as they were, the world before had not seen their like, nor will it soon, we fear, behold their like

again. Such models of moral excellence, such apostles of civil and religious liberty, such shades of the illustrious dead, looking down upon their descendants with approbation or reproof, according as they follow or depart from the good way, constitute a censorship inferior only to the eye of God; and to ridicule them is national suicide.

The doctrines of our fathers have been represented as gloomy, superstitious, severe, irrational, and of a licentious tendency. But when other systems shall have produced a piety as devoted, a morality as pure, a patriotism as disinterested, and a state of society as happy, as have prevailed where their doctrines have been most prevalent, it may be in season to seek an answer to this objection.

The persecutions instituted by our fathers, have been the occasion of ceaseless obloquy upon their fair fame. And truly, it was a fault of no ordinary magnitude, that sometimes they did persecute. But let him whose ancestors were not ten times more guilty cast the first stone, and the ashes of our fathers will no more be disturbed. Theirs was the fault of the, age and it will be easy to show, that no class of men had, at that time, approximated so nearly to just apprehensions of religious liberty; and that it is to them that the world is now indebted, for the more just and definite views which now prevail.

The superstition and bigotry of our fathers, are themes on which some of their descendants, themselves far enough from superstition if not from bigotry, have delighted to dwell.

But when we look abroad, and behold the condition of the world, compared with the condition of New England, we may justly exclaim, "Would to God that the ancestors of all the nations had been not only almost, but altogether, such bigots as our fathers were."

## THE UNION AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

BY W. G. SIMMS.

Government
We hold to be the creature of our need,
Having no power but where necessity
Still, under guidance of the Charter, gives it.
Our taxes raised to meet our exigence,
And not for waste or favorites. Our People
Left free to share the commerce of the world,
Without one needless barrier on their prows.
Our industry at liberty for venture,
Neither abridged nor pampered: and no calling
Preferred before another, to the ruin
Or wrong of either. These, Sir, are my doctrines—
They are the only doctrines which shall keep us
From anarchy, and that worst peril yet,
That threatens to dissever, in the tempest,
That married harmony of hope with power
That keeps our starry Union o'er the storm,
And, in the sacred bond that links our fortunes,
Makes us defy its thunders! Thus in one,
The foreign despot threatens us in vain.
Guizot and Palmerston may fret to see us

Grasping the empires which they vainly covet,
And stretching forth our trident o'er the seas,
In rivalry with Britain. They may confine,
But cannot chain us. Balances of power,
Framed by corrupt and cunning monarchists,
Weigh none of our possessions; and the seasons
That mark our mighty progress East and West,
Show Europe's struggling millions fondly seeking
The better shores and shelters that are ours.

# THE PURITANS.

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

THE Puritans—there is a charm in that word which will never be lost on a New England ear. It is closely associated with all that is great in New England history. It is hallowed by a thousand memories of obstacles overthrown, of dangers nobly braved, of sufferings unshrinkingly borne, in the service of freedom and religion. It kindles at once the pride of ancestry, and inspires the deepest feelings of national veneration. It points to examples of valor in all its modes of manifestation,—in the hall of debate, on the field of battle, before the tribunal of power, at the martyr's stake. It is a name which will never die out of New England hearts. Wherever virtue resists temptation, wherever men meet death for religion's sake, wherever the gilded baseness of the world stands abashed before conscientious principles, there will be the spirit of the Puritans. They have left deep and broad marks of their influence on human society. Their children, in all times, will rise up and call them blessed. A thousand witnesses of their courage, their industry, their sagacity, their invincible perseverance in well-doing, their love of free institutions, their respect for justice,

their hatred of wrong, are all around us, and bear grateful evidence daily to their memory. We cannot forget them, even if we had sufficient baseness to wish it. Every spot of New England earth has a story to tell of them; every cherished institution of New England society bears the print of their minds. The strongest element of New England character has been transmitted with their blood. So intense is our sense of affiliation with their nature, that we speak of them universally as our "fathers." And though their fame everywhere else were weighed down with calumny and hatred, though the principles for which they contended, and the noble deeds they performed, should become the scoff of sycophants and oppressors, and be blackened by the smooth falsehoods of the selfish and the cold, there never will be wanting hearts in New England to kindle at their virtues, nor tongues and pens to vindicate their name.

# THE EAGLE.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow, spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perch'd aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in endless flow.

Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless ream of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior pray'd.

Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gather'd rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread:
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were roll'd in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
"O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watch'd alone,
And the world, in its darkness, ask'd no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

"But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew;
And I knew they were high and brave.

I wheel'd around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

"And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms.
I guide them to victory."

# SUPPOSED SPEECH OF ADAMS,

## IN FAVOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

### BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not her our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be

ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down into dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit The war then must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies, the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public hall; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. But if it be the pleasure of heaven that

my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. Whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour has come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence, *now;* and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!

## AMERICA, COMMERCE AND FREEDOM.

BY SUSANNAH ROWSON.

How blest a life a sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging;
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing!
When Tempests howl along the main,
Some object will remind us,
And cheer with hopes to meet again
Those friends we've left behind us.
Then, under snug sail, we laugh at the gale,
And though landsmen look pale never heed 'em;
But toss off a glass to a favorite lass,
To America, commerce, and freedom!

And when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing,
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
Whilst out the boat is hoisting.
With eager haste the shore we reach,
Our friends delighted greet us;
And, tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.

When the full-flowing bowl has enlivened the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead 'em,
And each bonny lass will drink off a glass
To America, commerce, and freedom!

Our cargo sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it;
And if we meet a brother tar
Who wants, we freely give it.
No freeborn sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it;
And when 'tis gone, to sea for more—
We earn it but to spend it.
Then drink round, my boys, 'tis the first of our joys,
To relieve the distressed, clothe and feed 'em;
'Tis a task which we share with the brave and the fair
In this land of commerce and freedom!

# EMBASSY TO ROME.

BY L. C. LEVIN.

SYMPATHY with Pope Pius IX. appears to be the hobby-horse of political leaders. O'Connell, the Irish reformer, is dead. The curtain has fallen upon the last act of the national farce, and now the Pope, an Italian reformer, steps upon the stage to conclude what O'Connell left unfinished. The hurrah has gone through the country; public meetings have been held; sympathy for the Pope has grown almost into a fashion: yet sir, in no legitimate sense can this embassy to Rome be called a national measure, intended for the public benefit. We have no commerce to protect in the Roman States; we have no seamen whose rights may need even the supervision of a government agent or consul; we have no navy riding in her only harbor; we have no interests that may be exposed to jeopardy for want of an ambassador.

The Papal flag has never been known to wave in an American port. No American vessel has received the visit of a Pope. Dwelling under the shadow of the ruins of antiquity, they have never disturbed us, save by the bulls of Pope Gregory and the intrigues of his Jesuits. What, then, has produced this sudden revolution in the concerns of the two coun-

tries? We are told that Pius IX. is a reformer. Indeed! In what sense is he a reformer? Has he divested himself of any of his absolute prerogatives? Has he cast off his claims to infallibility? Has he flung aside his triple crown? Has he become a republican? Has he emancipated his people? Has he suppressed the Jesuits? Far from it. Nothing of this has been done. He maintains his own prerogatives as absolute as Gregory XIX., or any other of his illustrious predecessors. In what, then, does the world give him credit for being a reformer? For building up a new and firmer foundation to his own secular and hierarchical power; for permitting a press to be established in Rome, under his own supervision and control; for carrying out measures not to be censured, but certainly giving him no pretensions beyond that of a selfish sagacity, intent on the study of all means calculated to add stability to his spiritual power, and firmness to his temporal throne.

But, it is said, if Rome will not come to America, America must go to Rome! This is the new doctrine of an age of retrogressive progress. If the Pope will not establish a republic for his Italian subjects, we, the American people, must renounce all the ties of our glorious freedom, and endorse the Papal system as the perfection of human wisdom, by sending an ambassador to Rome to congratulate "His Holiness" on having made—what? The Roman people free? Oh! no; but on having made tyranny amiable; in having sugared the poisoned cake. And for this, the highest crime against freedom, we are to commission an embassador to Rome! Is

there an American heart that does not recoil from the utter degradation of the scheme? Sir, in the name of the American people, I protest against this innovation, which would make us a by-word among the nations.

## THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

O CLEOPATRA of religions! throned in power, glowing and gorgeous in all imaginable splendors and luxuries — proud victor of victors—in the "infinite variety" of thy resources and enchantments more attractive than glory, resistless as fate —now terrible in the dusk splendor of thy imperious beauty —now softening and subtle as moonlight, and music, and poet-dreams—insolent and humble, stormy and tender! O alluring tyranny, O beautiful falsehood, O fair and fatal enchantress, O sovereign sorceress of the world! the end is not yet, and the day may not be far distant, when thou shalt lay the asp to thine own bosom, and die.

## OLD IRONSIDES.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air,
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

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They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overspread all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

# MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIMS.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Subscriptions are accumulating, and arrangements are rapidly progressing for the erection of a monument to the Pilgrims. The rock-ribbed earth is to be smitten, and from the quarry the snowy marble, or the grey granite is to be evoked, to swell from a durable base into a sky-piercing column, whose sides shall bear record of the peerless band, who, daring the wintry sea and the wilderness, landed centuries agone on that rock of Plymouth, which has since become a more than Caaba to millions of their descendants—millions of proud and happy freemen. Worthy object for a national monument—column, obelisk, pyramid, or temple!—worthy theme for an epic in granite or marble, in which the heroism of the truest of heroes shall be sung while the earth lasts.

Let the monument go up, to the chorus of hammer and trowel, ringing their hymn of grateful industry—a strain caught from the national pulse and heart—until, crowned with its cap-stone, it shall catch the morning's smile with a music of hallowed reminiscence, sweeter than the song of Memnon. A monument to the Pilgrims! fit associate of Bunker's column, and of that temple-based shaft rising to the memory of him who led the children of the Pilgrims through the perils of

revolution, to the altar of freedom. Glorious trio of triumphal piles!—triumphal, though the Pilgrims, and the day of victorious battle, and the peerless chief who led the host to victory, are past—triumphal, in that they quicken not nor brighten the names, and deeds, and memories of the illustrious dead—the living and immortal dead—but that they will stand there on Bunker's height, on Plymouth's Rock, and at the Republic's Capital, linking generations of grateful children to the heroic Fathers—making them, through their gratitude, worthy of the name and fame of the Pilgrims!

And yet, why should the marble rise to such as these? Why—save to honor the living, rather than the dead? Of what avail are

"Storied urn and animated bust,"

to embalm or glorify the memories of the immortal? The rock on which they landed; the wilderness they subdued; the continent they planted; the hemisphere and world they have overspread with the splendor of their achievements—these are the Pilgrims' monuments. The history of a New World piles their time-defying column of perils dared, of sacrifices made, of the battle fought and the victory won, until it overtops Grecian or Roman fame.

A monument to the Pilgrims!—it rises from a nation's heart, spreads through a nation's proud memory, and points on and up in a nation's present pulsings and mighty future. And their name and spirit are written all over it—written in the industry and enterprise that survive them; honoring their

example—in the free schools, on the free altars, in the free thought and speech, and on the free soil which they bequeathed, as our priceless inheritance; and in the institutions by which they triumphed, and which are our glory and the admiration of the world, the Pilgrims have their monument, more durable than marble or granite. They will be glorified when the pyramids shall have crumbled, and the rock-piles builded to their memory are powdered under the heel of time. It is only we, their children, whom special monuments can serve. These will testify *our* gratitude, *to our own honor*, more than they can add to the immortality of our Pilgrim Fathers

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## FREEDOM.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains of freedom, death or life—
O remember, life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!

# NEW ENGLAND.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here; our unchain'd feet
Walk freely as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers cross'd the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quell'd;
But souls like these, such toils impell'd
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,

And, fearless, stemm'd the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mow'd in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
O, 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of Liberty,
Thou hast been, and shall ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppress'd:
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine
Beneath the shadow of their vine,
Are bless'd.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land;
They still shall find our lives are given
To die for home;—and leant on Heaven
Our hand.

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Let Spain boast the treasures that grow in her mines;
Let Gallia rejoice in her olives and vines;
In bright sparkling jewels let India prevail,
With her odors Arabia perfume every gale:—
'Tis Columbia alone that can boast of the soil
Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty smile.

# MOUNT VERNON.

BY ERASTUS BROOKS.

THE time has come when the Mount Vernon estate, for a century or more in the possession of the Washington family, and for half that time owned by George Washington, as a bequest from his brother, must either become the common property of the nation, or belong to one or more of its citizens. It was to Mount Vernon, just one hundred years ago, the present winter, that Washington retired after throwing up his commission as an officer in the British army, in consequence of a royal order, that the officers of the regular army should take precedence of the officers of the provincial troops. It was from Mount Vernon Washington went to cross the mountains, to visit the head waters of the Ohio, and to penetrate the wilderness shores of the Alleghany. From this spot he was called to take charge of the armies of the United States, to preside over the Convention which framed the Constitution, to be the Chief Magistrate of the nation during the first and second terms of the Presidential office, and, finally, to be General-in-Chief of the army in the threatened war between France and the United States, which followed almost immediately upon his retirement from the city which bore his name. It was to Mount Vernon he

looked with longing eyes and delightful anticipations in all intervals from the public service—when he took leave of his companions in arms on the banks of the beautiful Hudson; when he gave up his commission as general of the army to Congress, at Annapolis, and when he resigned his civic honors, and voluntarily retired from his eight years of consecutive and arduous service as President of the United States.

The practical question for us to consider is, whether this spot of earth—where Washington lived, died, and was buried; where he suffered an illness, which, though brief in time, was intense in character, where he gave utterance to these memorable words—"I am not afraid to die"—shall be desecrated to purposes of speculation and dissipation, or be consecrated to the higher good of becoming the property of the people of the entire American Union.

It has passed into a proverb that republics are ungrateful, and when we remember the long series of omissions in regard to the claims of Washington, I almost think the proverb to be true. Washington, it is known to all, gave his best affections, his hardest labors, his highest duties to the service of his country. Whether in the army, or in civil life, he drew no more from the treasury than a bare sufficiency to meet his daily expenses. Fifty-four years ago, the Congress of the United States received intelligence of his death. The Capitol was shrouded in sorrow, while a feeling of gloom pervaded the entire nation. In the freshness of the general sympathy for the loss of the lamented dead, Congress adopted resolu-

tions providing for the erection of a marble tomb, and a marble monument over the remains of Washington, and sent an earnest request to Mrs. Washington, that these sacred relics of the nation's friend and benefactor should be transmitted for final repose beneath the walls of the Capitol, and the flag of the country. The answer of Mrs. Washington, who was a model of her sex, and like the mother of Washington, among the noblest examples of the great and good women of the land, was, that accustomed as she had been to bring her private feelings into subjection to the voice of the country, and taught as she had been by Washington himself, to bow to the will of the nation, she was ready to surrender the remains of her deceased husband to what seemed to be the call of the country.

Mr. President,—I feel sure I may bespeak the good will of the Senate of New York for a proposition like that upon your table, and which has come to us unanimously approved by the other branch of the State Legislature. My assurance is founded upon the debt which New York owes to the memory of the Father of his Country. At Long Island, at Staten Island, on both banks of the Hudson, in the city of New York, and all around that city, through the darkest hours of the Revolution, and in the fiercest struggles for independence, he stood upon our soil, the defender of its liberties, the preserver of its property, the protector of the lives of its citizens. It seems to me, sir, that the waters of the Hudson, on the shores of which Washington perilled his life, and the waters of the Potomac, on the shores of which

he lived and died, might be mingled into one flowing and harmonious river; that the Old Dominion and New York, forgetting all past animosities, might mutually bury their differences and divisions in the grave of Washington, and upon the soil of Mount Vernon. At least, let me hope that New York will unanimously recommend that this hallowed ground will be rescued from desecration, and become the property of the American people.

* * * * * *

I see before me the beloved and honored John Marshall, of Virginia, as he addressed the representatives of the people in words which had become historic truths: "*First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.*" I see the venerated form of President John Adams, on whose motion in the Provincial Congress, George Washington had been placed at the head of the American armies. I hear his letter read to the two Houses of Congress, in answer to the official record of his death. I read his declaration, that if "Trajan found a Pliny, Marcus Aurelius will not need historians, biographers, or eulogists." True, sir, it is that Washington needs neither historians, biographers, nor eulogists. His name is written all over the country, while his fame is inscribed upon the hearts of all his countrymen. But the soil where his remains repose is not, as it should be, the property of the nation. In the tomb of Washington and the home of Washington, I would let every American citizen enjoy an ownership, and therefore it is I so urgently press the passage of this resolution.

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Washington was a hero, a statesman, a philanthropist, a patriot, and, to sum up all, in one word, he was an American. No public man, living or dead, can be compared with him in moral purity, in generous self-sacrifices, or in disinterested benevolence. The sublimity of his character, rising in majesty above all common levels, reminds one of "the cloud-capt towers" of the Alps or Apennines, as the traveller at the foot of these mountains has seen them bathed in the morning sunlight, and kissing the very skies with which they seemed to hold delightful communion; or to come to our own home, it soars as much above the level of common men, as the highest peaks of the Alleghanies rise above the muddy waters of the Ohio. I compare the Hon. Senator to no such man, nor Washington to any man whatsoever.

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If I heard the Senator read aright, he alluded to what is called "the Higher Law!" There are men, sir, who can boldly march to the desk of the presiding officer of this body, and, holding up their right hands, repeat the sacred words—"*I do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States,*" or who, as they repeat these solemn pledges of fidelity, can put their lips to God's holy book, and imprint, I fear, just such a kiss upon it, as that with which Judas betrayed his Master. For one, sir, I know of no higher law to govern me here than the Constitution of my country, and when I say this, I speak both as a legislator and a man. That Constitution is in perfect harmony with

the teachings of God, and the precepts of humanity. It was modelled by good Christian men, and is in perfect conformity with divine wisdom and the highest public good. Sir, I can have some respect for the logic of those bold bad men, who find in the Constitution a power which they hate, and who are, therefore, ready to tear the instrument to pieces, and trample it under foot. I can have no respect whatever for that other class of higher law persons, who take upon them the oath of God to abide by the Constitution, and yet are ready to violate it as often as it conflicts with their interests or principles to support it.

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I hope that this resolution, upon which I have been urging action from day to day, is not to be mutilated or destroyed. I have exhausted all the language and argument of which I am capable, in favor of its adoption as it came to us from the Assembly, and in conclusion, borrowing words and thoughts stronger than any of my own, I must say to you as the great Pericles said to the people of Athens, upon an occasion not wholly dissimilar to the present: "O Athenians (Americans I would say), these dead bodies ask no monument: their monument arose when they fell, and so long as liberty shall have defenders, their names will be imperishable. But, O Athenians, it is we who need a monument to their honor. We, who survive, not having yet proved that we, too, could die for our country, and be immortal. We need a monument, that the widows and children of the dead, and all Greece, and the shades of the departed, and all future ages may see

and know that we honor patriotism, and virtue, and liberty, and truth; for, next to performing a great deed, and achieving a noble character, is to honor such characters and deeds."

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But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for:—spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek.

## THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

The mothers of our forest-land!
Stout-hearted dames were they;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border fray.
Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land!
On old Kentucky's soil,
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest and life's toil!
They shrank not from the foeman—
They quail'd not in the fight—
But cheer'd their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land!
Their bosoms pillow'd men!
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock fort, or glen,

To load the sure old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it should he fall.

The mothers of our forest-land!
Such were their daily deeds.
Their monument!—where does it stand?
Their epitaph!—who reads?
No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome—
Yet who or lauds or honors them,
E'en in their own green home?

The mothers of our forest land!
They sleep in unknown graves.
And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates, or of slaves,
They had not been more neglected!
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
"The Dark and Bloody Ground!"

# SCIENCE FRIENDLY TO FREEEOM.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

No cause is so bound up with religion as the cause of political liberty and the rights of man. Unless I have read history backwards—unless Magna Charta is a mistake, and the Bill of Rights a sham, and the Declaration of Independence a contumacious falsehood—unless the sages, and heroes, and martyrs, who have fought and bled, were impostors—unless the sublimest transactions in modern history, on Tower Hill, in the Parliaments of London, on the sea-tossed Mayflower—unless these are all deceitful, there is no cause so linked with religion as the cause of democratic liberty.

And, sir, not only are all the moral principle, which we can summon, on the side of this great cause, but the physical movements of the age attend it and advance it. Nature is republican. The discoveries of Science are republican. Sir, what are these new forces, steam and electricity, but powers that are levelling all factitious distinctions, and forcing the world on to a noble destiny? Have they not already propelled the nineteenth century a thousand years ahead? What are they but the servitors of the people, and not of a class? Does not the poor man of to-day ride in a car

dragged by forces such as never waited on kings, or drove the wheels of triumphal chariots? Does he not yoke the lightning, and touch the magnetic nerves of the world? The steam-engine is a democrat. It is the popular heart that throbs in its iron pulses. And the electric telegraph writes upon the walls of despotism, *Mene mene tekel upharsin!* There is a process going on in the moral and political world —like that in the physical world—crumbling the old Saurian forms of past ages, and breaking up old landmarks; and this moral process is working under Neapolitan dungeons and Austrian thrones; and, sir, it will tumble over your Metternichs and Nicholases, and convert your Josephs into fossils. I repeat it, sir, not only are all the moral principles of the age, but all the physical principles of nature, as developed by man, at work in behalf of freedom.

> Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
> Powers that will work for thee; earth, air, and skies:
> There's not a breathing of the common wind,
> That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
> Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
> And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

# ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

BY R. T. PAINE.

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which unstain'd from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.
Mid the reign of mild Peace
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For never shall the sons, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
'Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day
And envelop'd the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And barter'd their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution,
May Peace, like the dove who return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution.
But though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;
Let them bring all the vessels of Europe in arms;
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While, with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourish'd;
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend
From the hilltops they shaded our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal would WASHINGTON stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever;
Her pride is her ADAMS; her laws are his choice,
And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers for ever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like LEONIDAS' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves!

# TEACHINGS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JARED SPARKS.

HAPPY was it for America, happy for the world, that a great name, a guardian genius, presided over her destinies in war, combining more than the virtues of the Roman Fabius and the Theban Epaminondas, and compared with whom, the conquerors of the world, the Alexanders and Cæsars, are but pageants crimsoned with blood and decked with the trophies of slaughter, objects equally of the wonder and the execration of mankind. The hero of America was the conqueror only of his country's foes, and the hearts of his countrymen. To the one he was a terror, and in the other he gained an ascendancy, supreme, unrivalled, the tribute of admiring gratitude, the reward of a nation's love.

The American armies, compared with the embattled legions of the old world, were small in numbers, but the soul of a whole people centred in the bosom of those more than Spartan bands, and vibrated quickly and keenly with every incident that befel them, whether in their feats of valor, or the acuteness of their sufferings. The country itself was one wide battle-field, in which not merely the life-blood, but the dearest interests, the sustaining hopes, of every individual, were at stake. It was not a war of pride and ambition

between monarchs, in which an island or a province might be the award of success; it was a contest for personal liberty and civil rights, coming down in its principles to the very sanctuary of home and the fireside, and determining for every man the measure of responsibility he should hold over his own condition, possessions and happiness. The spectacle was grand and new, and may well be cited as the most glowing page in the annals of progressive man.

The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit, or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute, that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide

to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail, and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this is our safety and our hope; the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance, which they so nobly achieved.

# PATRICK HENRY,

## BEFORE A CONVENTION OF DELEGATES, VIRGINIA.

Mr. Henry arose with a majesty unusual to him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was so invariably distinguished. "No man," he said, "thought more highly than he did of the patriotism, as well as abilities, — of the very worthy gentleman who had just addressed the house. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he should speak forth his sentiments freely, and without reserve. This was no time for ceremony. The question before the house was one of awful moment to this country. For his own part, he considered it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It was only in this way that they could hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which they held to God and their country. Should he keep back his opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, he should consider himself as guilty of treason toward his country, and of an act of disloy-

alty towards the Majesty of Heaven, which he revered above all earthly kings.

"Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Were we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For his part, whatever anguish of spirit it might cost, he was willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst; and to provide for it.

"He had but one lamp by which his feet were guided; and that was the lamp of experience. He knew of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, he wished to know what there had been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen had been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of

war and subjugation—the last argument to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted?

"Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

"They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies have bound us, hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and

slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation—"give me liberty, or give me death!"

He took his seat. No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry, "To arms!" seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye! Richard H. Lee arose and supported Mr. Henry, with his usual spirit and elegance. But his melody was lost amidst the agitation of that ocean, which the master-spirit of the storm had lifted up on high. That supernatural voice still sounded in their ears, and shivered along their arteries. They heard, in every pause, the cry of liberty or death. They became impatient of speech—their souls were on fire for action

# FOURTH OF JULY.

BY J. PIERPONT.

Day of glory! welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd,
On the heights where squadrons wheel'd,
When a tyrant's thunder peal'd
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his cars,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldiers' urn
Who for freedom died.

God of peace!—whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er;

O, let freemen be our sons;
And let future WASHINGTONS
Rise, to lead their valiant ones
Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest
By the warrior's gory breast,
Never let our graves be press'd
By a despot's throne;
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes—let our heirs
Bow to thee alone!

# MARION, THE REPUBLICAN GENERAL.

WE received, says his biographer, a flag from the enemy in Georgetown, S. C., the object of which was to make some arrangements about the exchange of prisoners. The flag, after the usual ceremony of blindfolding, was conducted into Marion's encampment. When led into Marion's presence, and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, with scarcely enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness! and, instead of tall ranks of gaily-dressed soldiers, a handful of sun-burnt yellow legged militia-men, some roasting potatoes, and some asleep, with their black firelocks and powder-horns lying by them on the logs. Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented his letter to General Marion, who perused it and soon settled everything to his satisfaction.

The officer took up his hat to retire.—"Oh no!" said Marion, "it is now about our time of dining; and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner."

At the mention of the word *dinner*, the British officer looked around him, but, to his great mortification, could see

no sign of a pot, pan, Dutch oven, or any other cooking utensil, that could raise the spirits of a hungry man.

"Well, Tom," said the general to one of his men, "come, give us our dinner."—The dinner to which he alluded was no other than a heap of sweet potatoes, that were very snugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom, with his pine stick poker, soon liberated from their ashy confinement, pinching them every now and then with his fingers, especially the big ones, to see whether they were well done or not. Then, having cleansed them of the ashes, partly by blowing them with his breath, and partly by brushing them with the sleeve of his old cotton shirt, he piled some of the best on a large piece of bark, and placed them between the British officer and Marion, on the trunk of the fallen pine on which they sat.

"I fear, sir," said the general, "our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish—but it is the best we have." The officer, who was a well bred man, took up one of the potatoes, and affected to feed, as if he had found a great dainty, but it was very plain that he ate more from good manners than good appetite.

Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh: Marion looked surprised—"I beg pardon, general," said he, "but one cannot, you know, always command one's conceits. I was thinking how droll some of my brother officers would look, if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this."

"I suppose," said Marion, "it is not equal to their style of dining;" "No, indeed," quoth the officer; "and this, I imagine, is one of your accidental Lent dinners—a sort of

*ban yan;* in general, no doubt, you live a great deal better?" "Rather worse," answered the general, "for often we do not get enough of this." "Heavens!" rejoined the officer, "but probably what you lose in meal you make up in malt—though stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay." "Not a cent, sir," said Marion, "not a cent." "Heavens and earth! then you must be in a bad box; I don't see, general, how you can stand it." "Why, sir," replied Marion with a smile of self-approbation, "these things depend on feeling." The Englishman said, "he did not believe it would be an easy matter to reconcile his feelings to a soldier's life on General Marion's terms—all fighting, no pay, and no provisions but potatoes."

"Why sir," answered the general, "the heart is all; and when that is much interested, a man can do anything. Many a youth would think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years; but let him be over head and ears in love, and with such a beauteous sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years' servitude than young Jacob did. Well, now, this is exactly my case—I am in love, and my sweetheart is Liberty: be that heavenly nymph my champion, and these woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris in slavery. To have no proud monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches—nor his host of excisemen and tax-gatherers insulting and robbing: but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign—gloriously preserving my national dignity, and pursuing my true happiness—planting my vineyards, and eating their luscious fruit; sowing my fields, and reaping the golden grain; and seeing millions of

brothers all around me equally free and happy as myself. This sir, is what I long for."

The officer replied, that both as a man and a Briton, he must certainly subscribe to this as a happy state of things.

"Happy," quoth Marion, "yes happy, indeed; and I would rather fight for such blessings for my country, and feed on roots, than keep aloof, though wallowing in all the luxuries of Solomon; for now, sir, I walk the soil that gave me birth, and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon these venerable trees around me, and feel that I do not dishonor them—I think of my own sacred rights, and rejoice that I have not basely deserted them. And, when I look forward to the long, long ages of posterity, I glory in the thought that I am fighting their battles. The children of distant generations may never hear my name, but still it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their freedom, with all its countless blessings."

I looked at Marion as he uttered these sentiments, and fancied I felt as when I heard the last words of the brave De Kald; the Englishman hung his honest head, and looked, I thought, as if he had seen the upbraiding ghosts of his illustrious countrymen, Sidney and Hampden.

On his return to Georgetown he was asked by Colonel Watson, why he looked so serious? "I have cause, sir," said he, "to look so serious." "What! has General Marion refused to treat?" "No sir." "Well, then, has old Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton, and broke up our army?" "No, sir, not that either: bu worse." "Ah! what can be worse?"

"Why, sir, I have seen an American general and his officers without pay, almost without clothes, living on roots, and drinking water, and all for Liberty! What chance have we against such men."

## NATIVE LAND.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the fragrance of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole.

## WARREN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

### BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up, to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope yè mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal;
Read it on yon bristling steel;
Ask it ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you—they're on fire!
And before you see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail,
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust,
Die we may—and die we must;
But, O where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well

As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell!

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CAROLINA, Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, and love, and defend her.
Tho' the scorner may sneer at, and witlings defame her,
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her!

# AMERICAN WOMEN.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

STANDING in his noble park at Ashland, Henry Clay once said to a friend who was praising the "tall" things of Kentucky—"Yes, sir! We have tall trees, tall horses, and tall men—but, sir, *taller than all these are the women of Kentucky!*" Eloquent eulogist and most competent judge—never uttered his lips a braver truth. And what he said of the women of Kentucky may be said of American women, take them all together. Beautiful, intelligent, virtuous, industrious, and if need be heroic, they challenge to comparison the perfections of their sisterhood of whatever land or clime.

Not among the Circassian hills, where the lord of the harem hunts his concubine; nor in sunnier Italy, nor by the hearths of the golden-haired, "blue-eyed nations of the North" are there fairer women—and in all the world are there none so gentle and brave. Women of other nations are of orders of beauty and virtue—American women, composite in their graces and charms, cluster all the orders and blend, in themselves, the perfections of their sex. Not like ours, were the women of France, or Napoleon would not, when Madame de Stael asked—"What does France most want?" have replied, "France wants good mothers!" The

[illegible]

## [illegible] CAN [illegible]

[illegible] Ashland, Henry Clay [illegible] things of Kentucky [illegible] and tall [illegible] of Kentucky [illegible] competent judge [illegible] And [illegible] American women, take them all [illegible] intelligent, virtuous, industrious, and [illegible] to comparison [illegible] perfections [illegible] land [illegible] clime.

[illegible] among the Circassian hills, where the lord of the [illegible] in sunnier Italy, nor by the [illegible] of the golden-haired, [illegible] nations of the [illegible] are [illegible] women and in all the world are [illegible] so [illegible] Women of other nations [illegible] American women, com- [illegible] What does France [illegible]

Martha Washington

answer was a bitter sarcasm to the unfruitful querist; but it was, also, if not an insulting libel, a sad confession for "La Belle" France.

American women may have had prototypes, but they were individual or in isolate groups, and not the sex of whole nations or races. Woman has never failed, since the world began, to illustrate, in instances, the glory of her nature, —never ceased to manifest the divine in the human. With the regal Esther, yearning to bless her enslaved kindred, and the filial-love inspired daughter, who suckled her grey-haired father through a prison's bars, there have not been parallels wanting, in all ages, to prove that the angels of God still wandered on earth, to remind man of Eden, and give him a foretaste of heaven.

It was not Semiramis and Zenobia, writing their names in blood; not Aspasia, corrupting Athens and making Greece drunk with the wine of her sensuous charms; not Cleopatra, Egypt's beautiful and the world's most shameless courtesan—nay! none of these, famous through their unwomanliness and infamy, were illustrators of the glory of their sex—none of these typed American women. Their type was, rather, Penelope, weaving amid her maidens through weary years the web that shielded her virtue, until her royal husband returned from his wanderings and wars to gladden her heart; or, courteous Rebecca, at the well; or, timid Ruth, gleaning in the field; or, nobler still, the Roman Cornelia, who, taunted in Rome's decaying age by rivals with her poverty, held up her virtuous children, exclaiming—"These are my jewels!"

Fit woman to have been the "mother of the Gracchi," and like whom, had all Roman mothers been, Rome might to this day have boasted an unbroken progeny of heroes.

The stamina of a nation depends on the character of its women. If the mothers are intelligent and virtuous; if they teach nobly—the daughters modesty, industry, simplicity, and truth, and the sons, justice, honor, and patriotism—poverty, bondage, and shame, can never come upon the land of which the children of such mothers are the most enduring basis and bulwark.

Thank God, the generation that planted the wilderness of the New World with the seeds of surpassing empire—an empire now radiant with light and liberty—had such mothers. Their sons and daughters were the precious freight of the "Speedwell" and the "Mayflower," and from the landing at Plymouth, through the centuries of peril and sacrifice, by which our fathers conquered the wilderness, the savage, and the bitter father-land oppressor—giving us wealth and fame when they had only poverty and obscurity—the race of noble American mothers has been preserved. Mothers, and sisters, and wives, and daughters, unsurpassed! Mothers who taught their sons to worship God, to love their country, and to honor manhood; who led them to the altars of religion, and cheered them with brave hearts to the battle-field, buckling the shield to each young hero's arm, bidding him return victoriously with, or honorably dead upon it.

Are we grateful enough, and proud enough of the memory of such mothers? Do we realize how much we owe of our

national greatness and glory to them? Do we ask ourselves if their virtues are emulated and perpetuated in all the land? It were well if we did; for if it be not so, the sap begins to dry at the nation's root, and the most vital element of our endurance and strength will gradually pass away, leaving the tree of Freedom, under which the world has promise of shelter, rotten in the trunk and withered in all its branches.

God forbid that American women should degenerate from what their noble mothers were, in the young days of the New World and of the Republic. Better there never were a luxury or refinement—save the luxury of virtuous intelligence, and honest, independent industry, and the refinement that scorns every corrupting guilt—never a "princely" equipage, drawing-room, or *boudoir*, than that the land should cease to boast a race of women, who could dare the severest trials and sacrifices, were the nation's liberty imperilled, or furnish matrons and maidens, ready to turn their petticoats into cartridges, or, like "Moll Pitcher," at Trenton, "stand to the gun," when husband, brother, son, or lover had fallen, leaving no comrades to fill their places.

A noble race are American women—God forbid that they should cease to be such. Nor will they, so long as they are taught that the truest beauty, grace, and glory of woman, lie in her intelligence, simplicity, and virtue. Teach her to love home and country, to honor parents and old age, to practise industry, and to respect sacred things; in short, educate her as a daughter fitly to become the wife of a freeman and the

mother of freemen, and ages hence, as now, she will eclipse her sex in all the world. God bless American women, and preserve to them for ever the virtues and graces of their glorious mothers.

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Were thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail the with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

# LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair,
Amid that pilgrim band,
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

Martha Washington

rung ; at dawn, colors and pendants rose over the housetops all around it ; and the steeple of the nearest meeting-house was hung with banners. During the day all prisoners for debt were released by subscription. In the evening the town shone as though night had not come ; an obelisk on the Common was brilliant with a loyal inscription ; the houses round Liberty Tree exhibited illuminated figures, not of the king only, but of Pitt, and Camden, and Barre ; and Liberty Tree itself was decorated with lanterns, till its boughs could hold no more.

All the wisest agreed that disastrous consequences would have ensued from the attempt to enforce the Act, so that never was there a more rapid transition of a people from gloom to joy. They compared themselves to a bird escaped from the net of the fowler, and once more striking its wings freely in the upper air ; or to Joseph, the Israelite, whom Providence had likewise wonderfully redeemed from the perpetual bondage into which he was sold by his elder brethren.

The clergy from the pulpit joined in the fervor of patriotism and the joy of success. "The Americans would not have submitted," said Chauncey. "History affords few examples of a more general, generous, and just sense of liberty in any country than has appeared in America within the year past." Such were Mayhew's words ; and while all the continent was calling out and cherishing the name of Pitt, the greatest statesman of England, the conqueror of Canada and the Ohio, the founder of empire, the apostle of freedom ;—"To you," said Mayhew, speaking from the heart of the people, and as

if its voice could be heard across the ocean, "to you grateful America attributes that she is reinstated in her former liberties. The universal joy of America, blessing you as our father, and sending up ardent vows to heaven for you, must give you a sublime and truly godlike pleasure; it might, perhaps, give you spirits and vigor to take up your bed and walk, like those cured by the word of Him who came from heaven to make us free indeed. America calls you over and over again her father; live long in health, happiness, and honor. Be it late when you must cease to plead the cause of liberty on earth."

## OUR COUNTRY.

Our country first, our glory and our pride.
Land of our hopes—land where our fathers died,
When in the right, we'll keep thy honor bright;
When in the wrong, we'll die to set it right.

# ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines,
That stream with grey-green mosses; here the ground
Was never touch'd by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungather'd. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedar thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou: one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs

Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has launch'd
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birth-right was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
The enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;

Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light-thread on thread,
That grow to fetters or bind down thy arms
With chains conceal'd in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps.
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

# ENTERPRISE AND BOXER.

On the 1st of September, the Enterprise, Captain Burroughs, sailed from Portsmouth on a cruise. On the 5th, early in the morning, they espied a brig in-shore, getting under way. They reconnoitered her for awhile to ascertain her character, of which they were soon informed by her hoisting three British ensigns, and firing a shot as a challenge. The Enterprise then hauled upon a wind, stood out of the bay, and prepared for action. A calm for some time delayed the encounter; it was succeeded by a breeze from the south-west, which gave our vessel the weather-gage. After manœuvering for a while to the windward, in order to try her sailing with the enemy, and to ascertain his force, the Enterprise, about three, P. M., shortened sail, hoisted three ensigns, fired a gun, tacked and ran down with an intention to bring him to close quarters. When within half pistol-shot, the enemy gave three cheers, and commenced the action with his starboard broadside. The cheers and the broadside were returned on our part, and the action became general. In about five minutes after the battle had commenced, the gallant Burroughs received a musket-ball in his body and fell;

he, however, refused to be carried below, but continued on deck through the action. The active command was then taken by Lieutenant McCall, who conducted himself with great skill and coolness. The enemy was out-manœuvered and cut up; his main-top-mast and topsail-yard shot away; a position gained on his starboard bow, and a raking fire kept up, until his guns were silenced and he cried for quarter, saying that as his colors were nailed to the mast he could not haul them down. The prize proved to be his Britannic majesty's brig Boxer, of fourteen guns. The number of her crew is a matter of conjecture and dispute.

We turn gladly from such an idle discussion to notice the last moments of the worthy Burroughs. There needs no elaborate pencil to impart pathos and grandeur to the death of a brave man. The simple anecdotes, given in simple terms by his surviving comrades, present more striking pictures than could be wrought up by the most refined attempts of art. "At twenty minutes past three P. M.," says one account, "our brave commander fell, and while lying on the deck, refusing to be carried below, raised his head and requested that *the flag might never be struck.*" In this situation he remained during the rest of the engagement, regardless of bodily pain; regardless of the life-blood fast ebbing from his wound; watching with anxious eye the vicissitudes of battle; cheering his men by his voice, but animating them still more by his glorious example. When the sword of the vanquished enemy was presented to him, we are told that he clasped his hands and exclaimed, "I am satisfied, I die contented." He

now permitted himself to be carried below, and the necessary attentions were paid to save his life, or alleviate his sufferings. His wound, however, was beyond the power of surgery, and he breathed his last within a few hours after the victory.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

Bold men were they, and true, that pilgrim band,
Who plough'd with venturous prow the stormy sea,
Seeking a home for hunted Liberty
Amid the ancient forests of a land
Wild, gloomy, vast, magnificently grand!
Friends, country, hallow'd homes they left, to be
Pilgrims for Christ's sake, to a foreign strand—
Beset by peril, worn with toil, yet *free!*
Tireless in zeal, devotion, labor, hope;
Constant in faith; in justice how severe!
Though fools deride and bigot-skeptics sneer,
Praise to their names! If call'd like them to cope,
In evil times, with dark and evil powers,
O, be their faith, their zeal, their courage ours!

## IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

O! it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending:
Bright is the wreath of our fame; Glory awaits us for aye—
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending—
Glory that never shall fade, never, O! never away.

O! it is sweet for our country to die—how softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perish'd
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherish'd;
Gods love the young, who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the bless'd, over the blue, rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights, shall dwell the devoted for ever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

O! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our ear:
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

# DICEY LANGSTON

DICEY LANGSTON was the daughter of Solomon Langston, of Laurens District, South Carolina. She possessed an intrepid spirit, which is highly serviceable in times of emergency, and which, as she lived in the days of the Revolution, she had more than one opportunity to display. Situated in the midst of Tories, and being patriotically inquisitive, she often learned by accident, or discovered by strategy, the plottings, so common in those days, against the Whigs. Such intelligence she was accustomed to communicate to the friends of freedom on the opposite side of the Ennoree River.

Learning one time that a band of loyalists—known in those days as the "bloody scout"—were about to fall upon the "Elder Settlement," a place where a brother of hers and other friends were residing, she resolved to warn them of their danger. To do this she must hazard her own life. But off she started, alone, in the darkness of the night; travelled several miles through the woods, and over marshes and across creeks, through a country where foot-logs and bridges were then unknown; came to the Tyger, a rapid and deep stream, into which she plunged, and waded till the water was up to

her neck; she then became bewildered, and zigzagged the channel for some time; reached the opposite shore at length, for a helping Hand was beneath, a kind Providence guided her; hastened on; reached the settlement, and her brother and the whole community were safe!

She was returning one day from another settlement of Whigs, in the Spartanburg District, when a company of Tories met her and questioned her in regard to the neighborhood she had just left; but she refused to communicate the desired information. The leader of the band then held a pistol to her breast, and threatened to shoot her if she did not make the wished for disclosure. "Shoot me if you dare! I will not tell you!" was her dauntless reply, as she opened a long handkerchief that covered her neck and bosom, thus manifesting a willingness to receive the contents of the pistol, if the officer insisted on disclosures or life. The dastard, enraged at her defying movement, was in the act of firing, at which moment one of the soldiers threw up the hand holding the weapon, and the cowerless heart of the girl was permitted to beat on.

The brothers of Dicey were no less patriotic than she; and they having, by their active services on the side of freedom, greatly displeased the loyalists, these latter were determined to be revenged. A desperate band accordingly went to the house of their father, and finding the sons absent, they were about to wreak their vengeance on the old man, whom they hated for the sons' sake. With this intent one of the party drew a pistol; but just as it was aimed at the breast of her

aged and infirm father, Dicey rushed between the two, and though the ruffian bade her get out of his way, or receive in her own breast the contents of the pistol, she regarded not his threats, but flung her arms around her father's neck, and declared she would receive the ball first, if the weapon must be discharged. Such fearlessness and willingness to offer her own life for the sake of her parent, softened the heart of the "bloody scout," and Mr. Langston lived to see his noble daughter perform other heroic deeds.

One time her brother James, in his absence, sent to the house for a gun which he had left in her care, with orders for her to deliver it to no one except by his directions. On reaching the house one of the company who were directed to call for it, made known their errand, whereupon she brought and was about to deliver the weapon. At this moment it occurred to her that she had not demanded the countersign agreed on between herself and brother. With the gun still in her hand, she looked the company sternly in the face, and remarking that they wore a suspicious look, called for the countersign. Hereupon one of them, in jest, told her she was too tardy in her requirements; that both the gun and its holder were in their possession. "Do you think so?" she boldly asked, as she cocked the disputed weapon and aimed it at the speaker. "If the gun is in your possession," she added, "take charge of it!" Her appearance indicated that she was in earnest, and the countersign was given without further delay. A hearty laugh, on the part of the "liberty men," ended the ceremony.

# THE VICTORIA VASE,

WON BY THE YACHT AMERICA, AT THE LATE RYDE REGATTA.

BY THE HON. CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

In travel it has been my lot
To meet with curious things;
The flags which won a thousand fights
On battle-fields of kings;
The ancient flagon Wallace wore
On Falkirk's fatal field,
The iron casque of William Tell,
And Hermann's rusted shield;
The trusty blade of Bolivar,
A ring from Cromwell's hand,
And the covering of the Kaaba
In Yemen's happy land.
Yet prouder beats my heart to-day,
While gazing upon thee,
Thou monolith, whose silent voice
Records our destiny.
The Empire of the seas hath passed
Away from Albion's shore;
Columbia rules the ocean now
Britannia ruled of yore.

The Warwick Vase is wondrous rare,—
Its satyrs, wild with mirth,
Are types of all that's beautiful
And Bacchanal on earth.
The Portland Vase is rarer still,
For antiquarian lore
Hath never solved the legends strange
Its sculptured beauty bore.
The Hebe Vase, that gem of all,
A type of Grecian mould,
From whence ambrosial nectar flowed
For Jupiter of old.
But thou art the Victoria Vase,
Never Etruscan art
Produced an antique like to thee,
To stir a nation's heart.
For with thee passed the sea's domain
Away from Albion's shore;
Columbia rules the ocean now
Britannia ruled of yore.

# SERGEANT JASPER.

THE reader is doubtless already acquainted with the name of William Jasper—perhaps Sergeant Jasper is the better known. This brave man possessed remarkable talents for a scout. He could wear all disguises with admirable ease and dexterity. Garden styles him "a perfect Proteus." He was equally remarkable for his cunning as for his bravery; and his nobleness and generosity were, quite as much as these, the distinguished traits of his character. Such was the confidence in his fidelity and skill that a roving commission was granted him, with liberty to pick his associates from the brigade. Of these he seldom chose more than six. "He often went out," says Moultrie, "and returned with prisoners, before I knew that he was gone. I have known of his catching a party that was looking for him. He has told me that he could have killed single men several times, but he would not; he would rather let them get off. He went into the British lines at Savannah, as a deserter, complaining, at the same time, of our ill-usages of him; he was gladly received (they having heard of his character) and caressed by them He stayed eight days, and after informing himself

well of their strength, situation and intentions, he returned to us again; but that game he could not play a second time. With his little party he was always hovering about the enemy's camp, and was frequently bringing in prisoners." It was while in the exercise of his roving privileges that Jasper prepared to visit the post of the enemy at Ebenezer. At this post he had a brother, who held the same rank in the British service, that he held in the American. This instance was quite too common in the history of the period and country, to occasion much surprise, or cause any suspicion of the integrity of either party. We have already considered the causes for this melancholy difference of individual sentiment in the country, and need not dwell upon them here. William Jasper loved his brother and wished to see him: it is very certain, at the same time, that he did not deny himself the privilege of seeing all around him. The Tory was alarmed at William's appearance in the British camp, but the other quieted his fears, by representing himself as no longer an American soldier. He checked the joy which this declaration excited in his brother's mind, by assuring him that, though he found little encouragement in fighting for his country, "he had not the heart to fight against her." Our scout lingered for two or three days in the British camp, and then, by a *détour*, regained that of the Americans; reporting to his commander all that he had seen. He was encouraged to repeat his visit a few weeks after, but this time he took with him a comrade, one Sergeant Newton, a fellow quite as brave in spirit, and strong in body as himself. Here he was again well received

by his brother, who entertained the guests kindly for several days. Meanwhile, a small party of Americans were brought into Ebenezer as captives, over whom hung the danger of "short shrift and sudden cord." They were on their way to Savannah for trial. They had taken arms with the British, as hundreds more had done, when the country was deemed reconquered; but, on the approach of the American army, had rejoined their countrymen, and were now once more at the mercy of the power with which they had broken faith. "It will go hard with them," said the Tory Jasper to his Whig brother; but the secret comment of the other was, "it shall go hard with me first." There was a woman, the wife of one of the prisoners, who, with her child, kept them company. William Jasper and his friend were touched by the spectacle of their distress; and they conferred together, as soon as they were alone, as to the possibility of rescuing them. Their plan was soon adopted. It was a simple one, such as naturally suggests itself to a hardy and magnanimous character. The prisoners had scarcely left the post for Savannah, under a guard of eight men, a sergeant and corporal, when Jasper and his friend departed also, though in a different direction from the guard. Changing their course when secure from observation, they stretched across the country and followed the footsteps of the unhappy captives. But it was only in the pursuit that they became truly conscious of the difficulty, nay, seeming impossibility, of effecting their object. The guard was armed, and ten in number; they but two and weaponless. Hopeless, they nevertheless

followed on. Two miles from Savannah there is a famous spring, the waters of which are well known to travellers. The conjecture that the guard might stop there, with the prisoners, for refreshment, suggested itself to our companions; here, opportunities might occur for the rescue, which had nowhere before presented themselves. Taking an obscure path with which they were familiar, which led them to the spot before the enemy could arrive, they placed themselves in ambush in the immediate neighborhood of the spring. They had not long to wait. The conjecture proved correct. The guard was halted on the road opposite the spring. The corporal with four men conducted the captives to the water, while the sergeant, with the remainder of his force, having made them ground their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners threw themselves upon the earth—the woman and child, near its father. Little did any of them dream that deliverance was at hand. The child fell asleep in the mother's lap. Two of the armed men kept guard, but we may suppose with little caution. What had they to apprehend, within sight of a walled town in the possession of their friends? Two others approached the spring, in order to bring water to the prisoners. Resting their muskets against a tree they proceeded to fill their canteens. At this moment Jasper gave the signal to his comrade. In an instant the muskets were in their hands. In another, they had shot down the two soldiers upon duty; then clubbing their weapons, they rushed out upon the astonished enemy, and felling their first opponents each at a blow, they succeeded in obtaining possession

of the loaded muskets. This decided the conflict, which was over in a few minutes. The surviving guard yielded themselves to mercy before the presented weapons. Such an achievement could only be successful from its audacity and the operation of circumstances. The very proximity of Savannah increased the chances of success. But for this the guard would have used better precautions. None were taken. The prompt valor, the bold decision, the cool calculation of the instant, were the essential elements which secured success. The work of our young heroes was not done imperfectly. The prisoners were quickly released, the arms of the captured British put into their hands, and, hurrying away from the spot which they have crowned with a local celebrity not soon to be forgotten, they crossed the Savannah in safety with their friends and foes

## TRUE GLORY OF AMERICA.

BY G. MELLEN.

Italia's vales and fountains,
Though beautiful ye be,
I love my soaring mountains
And forests more than ye;
And though a dreamy greatness rise
From out your cloudy years,
Like hills on distant stormy skies,
Seem dim through Nature's tears,
Still, tell me not of years of old,
Of ancient heart and clime;
Ours is the land and age of gold,
And ours the hallow'd time!

The jewell'd crown and sceptre
Of Greece have pass'd away;
And none, of all who wept her,
Could bid her splendor stay.
The world has shaken with the tread
Of iron-sandall'd crime—
And, lo! o'ershadowing all the dead,
The conqueror stalks sublime!

Then ask I not for crown and plume
To nod above my land;
The victor's footsteps point to doom,
Graves open round his hand!

Rome! with thy pillar'd palaces,
And sculptured heroes all,
Snatch'd, in their warm, triumphal days,
To Art's high festival;
Rome! with thy giant sons of power,
Whose pathway was on thrones,
Who built their kingdoms of an hour
On yet unburied bones,—
I would not have my land like thee,
So lofty—yet so cold!
Be hers a lowlier majesty,
In yet a nobler mould.

Thy marbles—works of wonder!
In thy victorious days,
Whose lips did seem to sunder
Before the astonish'd gaze;
When statue glared on statue there,
The living on the dead,—
And men as silent pilgrims were
Before some sainted head!
O, not for faultless marbles yet
Would I the light forego

That beams when other lights have set,
And Art herself lies low!

O, ours a holier hope shall be
Than consecrated bust,
Some loftier mean of memory
To snatch us from the dust.
And ours a sterner art than this,
Shall fix our image here,—
The spirit's mould of loveliness—
A nobler BELVIDERE!

Then let them bind with bloomless flowers
The busts and urns of old,—
A fairer heritage be ours,
A sacrifice less cold!
Give honor to the great and good,
And wreathe the living brow,
Kindling with Virtue's mantling blood,
And pay the tribute now!

So, when the good and great go down,
Their statues shall arise,
To crowd those temples of our own,
Our fadeless memories!
And when the sculptured marble falls,
And art goes in to die,
Our forms shall live in holier halls,
The Pantheon of the sky!

# CHRISTIAN WOMAN IN THE HOUR OF DANGER.

EARLY in the war, the inhabitants on the frontier of Burke county, North Carolina, being apprehensive of an attack by the Indians, it was determined to seek protection in a fort in a more densely populated neighborhood in an interior settlement. A party of soldiers was sent to protect them on their retreat. The families assembled, the line of march was taken towards their place of destination, and they proceeded some miles unmolested—the soldiers marching in a hollow square, with the refugee families in the centre. The Indians, who had watched these movements, had laid a plan for their destruction. The road to be travelled lay through a dense forest in the fork of a river, where the Indians concealed themselves, and waited till the travellers were in the desired spot. Suddenly the war-whoop sounded in front, and on either side; a large body of painted warriors rushed in, filling the gap by which the whites had entered, and an appalling crash of fire-arms followed. The soldiers, however, were prepared; such as chanced to be near the trees darted behind them, and began to ply the deadly rifle; the others prostrated themselves upon the earth, among the tall grass,

and crawled to trees. The families screened themselves as best they could. The onset was long and fiercely urged; ever and anon amid the din and smoke, the warriors would rush, tomahawk in hand, towards the centre; but they were repulsed by the cool intrepidity of the back-woods riflemen. Still they fought on, determined on the destruction of the victims who offered such desperate resistance. All at once an appalling sound greeted the ears of the women and children in the centre; it was a cry from their defenders—a cry for powder! "Our powder is giving out!" they exclaimed. "Have you any? Bring us some, or we can fight no longer!" A woman of the party had a good supply. She spread her apron on the ground, poured her powder into it, and going round, from soldier to soldier, as they stood behind the trees, bade each who needed powder put down his hat, and poured a quantity upon it. Thus she went round the line of defence, till her whole stock, and all she could obtain from others, was distributed. At last the savages gave way, and, pressed by their foes, were driven off the ground. The victorious whites returned to those for whose safety they had ventured into the wilderness. Inquiries were made as to who had been killed, and one running up cried, "Where is the woman that gave us the powder? I want to see her!" "Yes!—yes!—let us see her!" responded another and another; "without her we should have been all lost!" The soldiers ran about among the women and children, looking for her and making inquiries. Directly came in others from the pursuit. one of whom observing the commotion, asked the

cause, and was told. "You are looking in the wrong place," he replied. "Is she killed? Ah, we are afraid of that!" exclaimed many voices. "Not when I saw her," answered the soldier. "When the Indians ran off, she was *on her knees in prayer* at the root of yonder tree, and there I left her." There was a simultaneous rush to the tree—and there, to their great joy, they found the woman safe, and still on her knees in prayer. Thinking not of herself, she received their applause without manifesting any other feeling than gratitude to heaven for their great deliverance.

## LIBERTY.

THERE is a spirit working in the world,
Like to a silent subterranean fire;
Yet, ever and anon, some monarch hurl'd
Aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire.
The dungeon'd nations now once more respire
The keen and stirring air of Liberty.
The struggling giant wakes and feels he's free.
By Delphi's fountain cave, that ancient choir,
Resume their song; the Greek astonished hears;
And the old altar of his worship rears.
Sound on, fair sisters! sound your boldest lyre,
Peal your old harmonies as from the spheres.
Unto strange gods too long we've bent the knee,
The trembling mind, too long and patiently.

# BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The assaults on Plattsburgh and on the American fleet by the British were simultaneously made by land and water, on the 11th of September. At eight o'clock in the morning, the British fleet was seen approaching; and, in an hour, the action became general. It is thus described by Macdonough, in his official letter:

"At nine," he says, "the enemy anchored in a line ahead, at about three hundred yards distant from my line; his ship opposed to the Saratoga; his brig to the Eagle, Captain Robert Henley; his galleys—thirteen in number—to the schooner, sloop and a division of our galleys; one of his sloops assisting their ship and brig; the other assisting their galleys; our remaining galleys were with the Saratoga and Eagle.

"In this situation, the whole force on both sides became engaged; the Saratoga suffering much from the heavy fire of the Confiance. I could perceive, at the same time, however, that our fire was very destructive to her. The Ticonderoga, Lieutenant Commandant Cassin, gallantly sustained her full share of the action. At half-past ten, the Eagle, not being

able to bring her guns to bear, cut her cable, and anchored in a more eligible position, between my ship and the Ticonderoga, where she very much annoyed the enemy, but unfortunately, leaving me much exposed to a galling fire from the enemy's brig.

"Our guns on the starboard side being nearly all dismounted or unmanageable, a stern anchor was let go, the bower cable cut, and the ship winded, with a fresh broadside on the enemy's ship, which soon after surrendered. Our broadside was then sprung to bear on the sloop, which surrendered about fifteen minutes afterward. The sloop which was opposed to the Eagle had struck some time before, and drifted down the line. The sloop that was with their galleys had also struck. Our galleys were about obeying with alacrity the signal to follow them, when all the vessels were reported to me to be in a sinking state. It then became necessary to annul the signal to the galleys, and order their men to the pumps. I could only look at the enemy's galleys going off in a shattered condition, for there was not a mast in either squadron that could stand to make sail on. The lower rigging being nearly shot away, hung down as though it had just been placed over the mast-heads.

"The Saratoga had fifty-five round shot in her hull; the Confiance, 105. The enemy's shot passed principally over our heads, as there were not twenty whole hammocks in the nettings, at the close of the action, which lasted without intermission two hours and twenty minutes.

# NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle pour'd
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honor'd saviours of the land!

O, few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rush'd to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn half-garner'd, on the plain,
And muster'd, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call:—the hills reply again
That ye have pass'd away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright
Above each soldier's mound.
The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they heed not its roar.

The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have pass'd away

## WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

What constitutes a State?
Not high-rais'd battlements or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-armed hosts,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-bow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With power as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, wake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and hamlets rude!
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State.

# BLESSING THE BEASTS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

WE went, last Sunday, to see the blessing of beasts—an annual cere nony, which takes place at the Church of San Antonio. There was an immense crowd of all descriptions and classes of people; among the rest, a vast convocation of beggars, the crippled and maimed in endless varieties, wrecks and remnants, divisions and subdivisions of men.

A priest stood on the steps of the church, with a holy-water sprinkler in his hand, and a little boy at his side, bearing the *bénitier*. The animals were trotted up before him; he read a form of benediction in Latin, shook the sprinkler at them, and they were good for a twelvemonth. Of course, this is done for a consideration—as what is not, in the way of church parades, privileges, and immunities? The first applicants for a benediction, after our arrival, were two miserable old cart-horses, who looked as though the blessings of all the fathers of the church could not keep them on their legs for twenty-four hours. I fear the rite was extreme unction to them; and yet the owner doubtless led them away, rejoicing in the faith that the crows were cheated of the poor skeletons for a year to come.

Next came a drove of donkeys, with their heads and tails

# THE SILENT SCOURGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

NEVER was the near future of political parties in this country so seething with anxious hopes, and doubts, and fears; never so pregnant with inexplicable terrors to time-servers and place-men; never so ominous to demagogues and hucksters in the field of politics as now. From the tap-room to the Senate Chamber, wherever party organization has heretofore stalked, confident and defiant—wherever the edict of the bully-governed caucus has decided nominations and appointments, and ruled with a rude, yet iron hand, the rank and file of the people—led like sheep to the slaughter—at the ballot-box, all is dismay and trembling. The mouthing impudence, so brazen and brow-beating until now, is as suddenly hushed as though the finger of death was on its lips—no grim skeleton ever brought such stilness to an Egyptian feast. All ears are open to hear, all eyes are staring to see, and all tongues are questioning the course of the silent scourge that has risen up in the land, invisible and secret as sleeping lightning, to rebuke and punish the traders and traitors who have so long corrupted the national franchise, and brought the country to shame—and nigh to ruin.

Who is it—what is it—and where is it—this scourge, so potent and purifying? Who conceived it—who evoked it—

and how and where is it to end, if, indeed, it end at all? Mighty and mysterious scourge! preceded by no rumbling, yet it stirs all the land, bursting like a sudden earthquake wherever its fires are called to purge Freedom's palladium, and make the ballot what the framers of the Republic intended,

——"A weapon surer yet,
And mightier than the bayonet;
A weapon, that comes down as still
As snow flakes fall upon the sod,
And executes a freeman's will,
As lightnings do the will of God!"

East and West, and North and South—in the chief marts and capitals of the Union, its stroke has fallen swift and sure, and politicians and parties, stripped of every gauge of accustomed calculation, have only been aware of its presence when they saw their petted candidates and schemes rolling headlong in the ditch of overwhelming defeat. New Orleans, long at the mercy of insolent, foreign-born brawlers, bears witness! So does Washington, as it will, despite the executive guillotine that flashes its knife madly and in vain. So do St. Louis—where the German boasted that the American should be put down—and Philadelphia—desecrated too long by foreign-born mobs—and Mobile, and Norfolk, and many a lesser place we might name. And so, by-and-by, in our own city and State, this silent scourge will fall, and many a demagogue's back will writhe under the biting blow, and all true men will gladly confess that this is yet an American land, and that Americans *can and will rule it*, as they ought ever to have done.

And far wider than municipalities and States, the blow will be struck all over the Union, and the next occupant of the White House chair will owe his elevation—of which he must be worthy—to invisible hands. Even now, while no man can say of it more than is said of the wind, "It goeth and cometh as it listeth," there is fright and confusion in every political camp. The master demagogues, the whippers-in, the men who have been the leaders, the Sampsons of their hosts, grope stone-blind in the midst of their temples, waiting to be buried when the pillars shall be shaken by the coming scourge. The tricky place-men feel their doom at hand. They would trade to avert it, but they idly beat the air in their search for the angel of the scourge. Here he is, and there he is, they cry—but they find him not. One says the scourge is against that party, and another that it is against this; yet the only thing men know is this:—that it is against all men, and all parties, who have been false, or are likely—having the power—to be false to this Union, this American Republic.

If any party may seem—as one perhaps does—to have most severely felt the scourge, it is because that party has most betrayed and trampled on the principles that should accompany its sacred name; because its possession of that name—a pretentious cheat—has most enabled it to barter the officers and interests of the land to a foreign horde. No other party could have so sold a country, and raised up in its midst a sedition against its most cherished institutions and ideas—nor can this one do it longer, nor could it have done it, but for a delusive name, and the easy temper until thoroughly

aroused, of the American people. The game is now up! Neither coaxing nor threatening can stay the impending blow that is to punish the shameless traders and traitors, native or foreign, until every citizen shall be glad and proud to say, "I, too, am an American."

The secret forces that wield the silent scourge, clearly understand their work. They aim at the right mark. They strike no indiscriminate blows, but smite the jockeys who have curried the foreign horse (worse than the fabled Greek), who have seduced and misled the people, and for a time have played their game of place and plunder without check. These are the heads to lop off, be they little or big, be they representatives or executives. Its silence preserved, a party organization avoided, and eternal vigilance—the price of liberty—written on its front, and all men will yet bless this scourge. It will purify the land. It will bury all young or old foreignalities, and, placing the destinies of the country in American hands, at home and abroad, will make the name of the American Republic honored and respected throughout the world—which is not the case now. We warn nobody, for we know nothing more than is open and visible, to all who choose to see. But we reckon a warning is felt, and that it has struck deep in the right quarter, and will strike deeper, until the joints of political schemers are made to rattle louder than did ever the "dry bones" in the valley. All we have to say is, God speed the silent scourge, until its bravely begun work is triumphantly done!

## MY OWN GREEN MOUNTAIN LAND.

My Native Land! in many a dream—
Beneath the northern skies—
Amid the purpling clouds, I see
Thy dark Green Mountains rise;
And proudly o'er thy valley sands
The bright blue waters roll,
Whose music broke at life's clear dawn.
With glory on my soul.

Though years have flown since last I saw
Thy mountains' cresting pines,
I love thee for the memories
That cling around thy shrines:
For all that e'er my boyhood knew—
Loved, beautiful or grand—
Is cradled 'mong thy hills and vales,
My own Green Mountain land.

I love thee for those hero souls
Who answered Freedom's call;
I love thee for the liberty
Thou claim'st and giv'st to all;

I love thee for the stalwart arms
And braver hearts, that stand
A stronger guard than castle walls,
For thee—my Native Land!

I may have trod in sunnier climes,
Where rolls the flashing Rhine,
Or Albion rears her chalky cliffs—
A kindlier soil than thine;
But never have I seen the spot—
Loved, beautiful or grand—
That led my heart away from thee,
My own Green Mountain Land.*

* Vermont

# REPUBLICS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ANONYMOUS.

It is idle to measure the United States as a nation, or the Americans as a people, by drawing parallels. The entire history of the world furnishes no parallel, either to the Republic or the people, so that all inferences drawn, and prophecies made, on the strength of what nations and races have done in past time, are a lost illustration applied to us. Every nation has its peculiarities, every age its phase, and every people its distinct manifestations. The nation is an image of the people; the people are a reflex of circumstance and condition; and the age is a cycle through which nation and people pass. The attempt to justify or condemn, by contrasting moderns with ancients, generally shows the imbecility of searchers for analogies. The only analogy that can be drawn between nations or races, is, that the one were either kingdoms, empires, hierarchies, oligarchies, or republics, from their *form* of government; and the other either savage, barbarous, civilized or enlightened. There is just so much similarity, and no more. Scythia *was* a kingdom, and so *is* England—Greece *was* a republic, and so *is* the United States; and there the parallel ends.

The old kingdom and republic founded their politics upon

their peculiar positions, according to the character and circumstances of their people, and the new do the same. But how different may be those positions, characters and circumstances! England is not like Spain, yet both are kingdoms. Nor is our America of to-day, like the Rome of two thousand years ago, though both republics. The warnings and prophecies of those who divine the future from the past are, therefore, mainly mere cant. It is barely possible to say *man is the same in all ages.* He is only so in certain sympathies and wants. Men in all ages and of all conditions, require air to breathe, food and drink for their nourishment, and certain protective raiment and shelter,—and these not in the same proportion, but according to climate and occupation; whatever is higher than these instinctive necessities, depends upon the character of races and the age in which they live.

The United States has been compared to Greece and Rome, and warnings have been founded on the comparison. Where is the likeness except in the name Republic? Had Greece or Rome a free people, educated, enlightened, and surrounded by institutions like ours? Had they commerce, agriculture, arts, and sciences like ours? Had they even armies and navies like ours, and what is more, soil, climate, resources, and people dispositioned as in the Anglo-Saxon Republic? Certainly not; therefore there is no parallel between them. Ballot-boxes, common schools, the printing press, steam, electricity and Christianity, make us one thing; Greece and Rome with their inheritance and acquirements, were quite another. If we push a conquest or enlarge a bound of empire, some prophet

owl is ready to hoot in our ears—"Remember the fate of the ancient republics!" Away with such nonsense. If the darkness of their ages and the scantiness of their genius belonged to us with the *name* Republic, we might heed their warnings. But we only bear the name—the old circumstances and conditions are swept away, lost for ever. Warnings are worthy of our heed only when they are based on our violations of true republican principles.

Rome was a military republic, born of force and magnified by unscrupulous conquests. She held her empire together, not by unity of language, not by community of interests and equality of enjoyment among her captive nations, nor by a common government, but by the sword; and when the native hand that held the sword grew weak, the empire was broken and scattered. She had no art but the tread of her legions to compass and annihilate distance; no lightning-winged wires threading the air from ocean to ocean, making near neighbors of men at the remotest distance. Nay, scarcely a feature in common with us had she or her sister, Greece. They were, in the aggregate of respects, infinitely our inferior; and yet there are living, legislating fools who strive to judge us by their standard. Stuff! It were as well to compare the flight of a buzzard through a London fog, with the majestic rise of an eagle through a transparent atmosphere, into the sun's eye.

# THE AMERICAN FARMER.

THERE is a man of prouder heart
And nobler far, I ween,
Than sceptred king or laureled chief,
Or warrior in his sheen,
Who would not give to prince or peer
The splendor of his name,
Though hosts ran shouting at his heels—
The heralds of his fame!

See, yonder is his palace high,
His kingdom fair and wide:
His throne the cot, his sword the plough,
His realm the valley side;
His only host his flocks and herds,
And fields of nodding grain,
The subjects of his royal rule—
The lords of his domain!

He wants no helms nor iron hands,
Nor pomp of waving plumes,
Nor vassal knee, nor courtier tread,
Nor India's soft perfumes;

He holds his rein, he guides his steed
And bares his shining blade,
And herds are thinned and fields are strewn—
But not in ruin laid!

## A SACRIFICE FOR FREEDOM.

The subject of the following anecdote was a sister of General Woodhull, and was born at Brookhaven, Long Island, in December, 1740. Her husband was a member of the Provincial Convention which met in May, 1775, and of the Convention which was called two years after, to frame the first State Constitution.

While Judge William Smith was in the Provincial Congress, his lady was met, at a place called Middle Island, by Major Benjamin Tallmadge, who was then on his march across Long Island. He told her he was on his way to her house to capture the force then possessing Fort George, and that he might be obliged to burn or otherwise destroy her dwelling-house and other buildings in accomplishing this object. Ready to make any sacrifice for the good of her bleeding country, she promptly assured the Major that the buildings were at his disposal, to destroy or not, as efforts to dislodge the enemy might require.

# FOREIGN MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

For what purpose are these men banded together? Why do they meet and drill, and parade the streets, flaunting their foreign banners in the face of our stripes and stars? They come here for bread and work, and a home for their children—many of them to be supported by the private charity and public alms of our citizens. In forsaking the land of starvation and oppression for the land of freedom and plenty, are they not willing to leave their impotent Saints and their trampled ensigns behind them? Let them leave their helpless Saint Patricks and down-trodden shamrocks in the barren bogs of their priest-scourged country, and in this free land of their adoption, embrace the American flag the moment they touch American soil.

If the Irish, or any other people, choose to form *benevolent* associations for the relief and succor of their suffering fellow-countrymen, there is no cause of complaint against such organizations; but rather of approbation. And to keep warm the home feeling—to vivify the remembrance of the misery from which they have fled—let them wear, as melancholy mementoes, the mottoes and the badges of their wretched native

land. But when it comes to *military* associations—to the arming of bodies of foreign-born men, for the purpose of fighting against the citizens and the institutions of the land of their adoption—we think it high time for the State to interfere. In a country of equal rights and equal laws, the lives, the property, and the religions of all classes are alike respected and protected. There is not an American citizen, worthy of the name, who would not arm himself to defend the rights, the churches, and the persons of any portion of the community, without regard to sect or origin. The strong arm of the Republic will protect all classes of her citizens. The stars and stripes float broadly and proudly over all. We want no clannish banners nor foreign cliques to disturb the unity of American feeling—to clash with American arms. The foreign element must either melt into and amalgamate with the native element, or battle lines will be drawn in all our future contests—political, if not military.

We cherish no hostility to any man on account of the accident of his birth-place, nor on the score of the religion which he inherited from his fathers. If the most uncompromising protestant among us had been born in Ireland, he would doubtless have grown up a firm believer in Romanism. Neither do we blame the poor emigrant for his ignorance of our institutions and the superstition which beclouds and benumbs his intellect. These are his misfortunes, not his faults. And even the crimes of these benighted men should be treated with the leniency due to children. They are often but the errors of men who stumble in darkness. But when it comes

to a question of *government*; when we are asked to vote for men to hold the reins and the sword over us, we say give us the intelligent, honest, native sons of the soil, rather than these strangers and aliens, who are equally ignorant of our language, our laws, and our history.

## A PATRIOTIC DONATION.

When General Green was retreating through the Carolinas, after the battle of the Cowpens, and while at Salisbury, North Carolina, he put up at a hotel, the landlady of which was Mrs. Elizabeth Steele. A detachment of Americans had just had a skirmish with the British under Cornwallis, at the Catawba ford, and were defeated and dispersed; and when the wounded were brought to the hotel, the General no doubt felt somewhat discouraged, for the fate of the South, and perhaps of the country seemed to hang on the result of this memorable retreat. Added to his other troubles was that of being penniless; and Mrs. Steele, learning this fact by accident, and ready to do anything in her power to further the cause of freedom, took him aside, and drew from under her apron two bags of specie. Presenting them to him she generously said, "Take these, for you will want them, and I can do without them."

## THE FREEMAN'S HOME.

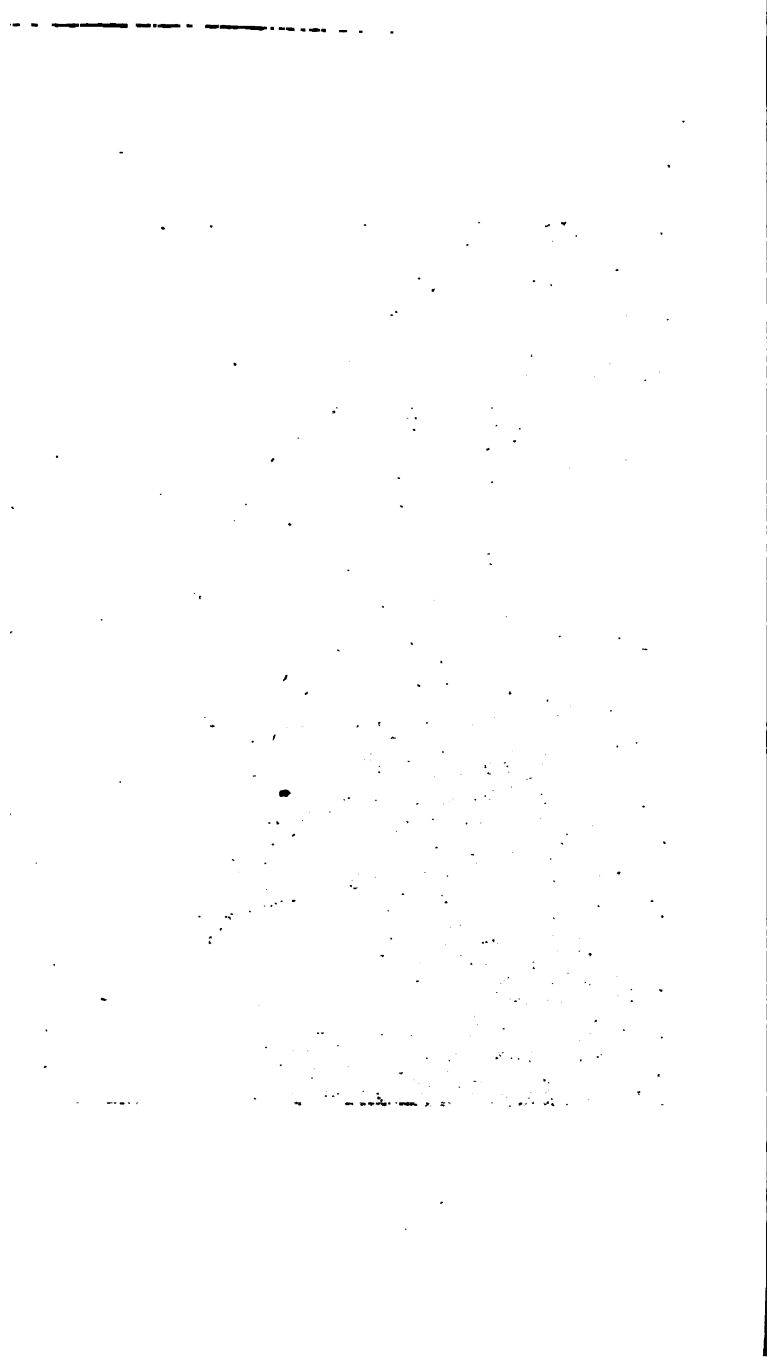
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark-blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains rear'd aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land for ever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have link'd with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream!
Oh! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love—
The stream beneath the green hill flowing,
The broad-arm'd trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born;

Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand
  Disturb the ashes of thy dead,
The buried glory of a land
  Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part,—
  Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!

Oh! greener hills may catch the sun
  Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams, rejoicing as they run
  Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange-bough
With golden fruit is bending low;
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillar'd fane and ancient grave
  Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
  The green, luxuriant ivy climb;
And far towards the rising sun
  The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
  Like stars upon the twilight sky;
And breezes soft as sighs of love
  Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
  A thousand bright-hued pinions play!

Yet unto thee, New England, still
  Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
  Seem dearer than the land of palms;
Thy massy oak and mountain-pine
  More welcome than the banyan's shade,
And every free, blue stream of thine
  Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!



# WASHINGTON.

BY CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

General Washington was rather above the common size; his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous, capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness. His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to an extreme; and, on all proper occasions, he could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship, and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent, but always respectful. His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and to correct. In the management of his private affairs, he exhibited an exact, yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill-

examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained, therefore, competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him, and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence. He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius, constituted the most prominent feature of his character. As a military man, he was brave, enterprising, and cautious. That malignity which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general, has conceded to him personal courage, and a firmness of resolution which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candor will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures, adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country. Placed, without having studied the theory, or been taught in the school of experience the practice of war, at the head of an undisciplined, ill-organized multitude, which was unused to the restraints and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of a camp, without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle, indeed, had his conduct been absolutely faultless. But, possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired ; and those measures which the state

of things rendered most advisable were seldom, if ever, neglected. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, in the equipment, and in the discipline of his troops, it is evidence of real merit, that no great and decisive advantages were ever obtained over him, and the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused. He has been termed the American Fabius; but those who compare his actions with his means, will perceive at least as much of Marcellus as of Fabius in his character. He could not have been more enterprising without endangering the cause he defended, nor have put more to hazard without incurring justly the imputation of rashness. Not relying upon those chances which sometimes give a favorable issue to attempts apparently desperate, his conduct was regulated by calculations made upon the capacities of his army, and the real situation of his country.

No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that the ends of Washington were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments, and to his own countrymen, were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which for ever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy." If Washington possessed ambition, that passion was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the means of its gratification; nor was personal aggrandizement its object.

The various high and important stations to which he was called by the public voice, were unsought by himself; and, in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to a general conviction that the interests of his country would be thereby promoted, than to his particular inclination. Neither the extraordinary partiality of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence upon his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind. In him, that innate and unassuming modesty which adulation would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds, and that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it. It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States, under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war, against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities; of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided, during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and of passions could produce; of the con-

stant favor of the great mass of his fellow citizens, and of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him,—the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame. Endowed by nature with a sound judgment, and an accurate, discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide; and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examination; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise; and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected.

## 'TIS A GLORIOUS LAND.

BY W. J. PABODIE.

Our country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills;
And calm content and peace abide;

For plenty here her fulness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to seize her generous store,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great GOD! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!—
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

# THE WOMEN OF THE MAYFLOWER.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

In the northeast part of our country there is a lowly evergreen plant, a species of the arbutus, I believe, for I never analyzed it,—we never do analyze anything that we love,—but which is called by children and people who do not affect to be scientific, the May Flower. It is an exceedingly delicate and lovely flower, of a pale pink, growing in clusters amid the rich evergreen leaves, and so fragrant as to scent the air with its violet-like perfume. I remember the delight with which, in my childhood, I used to join our group of school-girls in quest of this harbinger of spring, peering with its sunny yet timid aspect from amid

"The springy moss just crisping back,"

as the little foot of a companion left the yet spongy hillock.

The first of May is a great day to the child of that northern climate, pent for so many months from the green blessedness of nature; and my heart beats now at the remembered thrill, and the spontaneous shout, that recorded the discovery of a May Flower. How the little group gathered about it. How daintily we took it from the wet soil. How eagerly it passed from nose to nose. Your pardon, reader, if you have

not a proper respect for that delicate sense, the perfection of which is the best indication of "thorough breeding."

How the cry of "May Flowers! May Flowers!" extended the circle. How the girls came leaping and bounding from knoll to knoll, over "sodden logs," out from the verge of the woods, down from the ledge, round by the black pool, and all up to the bit of firm ground upon the side of the hill, where the May Flower had ventured thus into the sunshine, although

"The snow yet in the hollow lies."

God be praised for the memory of such things; and for the love he has planted in our hearts for his own beautiful creations. The love that will make us encounter peril and discomfort in any shape, that we may look upon his "handy work." The heart has much to fear for itself, that does not glow with pleasure at the sight of a flower: it has wandered far from the gate of heaven; for the sense of the beautiful is the link that binds us to the angels.

At first sight, the name, "May Flower,"—for this lovely yet lowly evergreen, appearing as it often does in sunny spots and uplands even in March, when the season is moderate, ready to bloom at the first caressings of sunshine in our cold northern latitude,—seems inefficient and indefinite; but a glance at historic association will give the name, "May Flower," a peculiar and touching appositeness.

It was the name of the frail bark that bore the Pilgrims to our shores. This pale, pink blossom, with its surpassing

fragrance, was the first to greet the eye of woman, when the bleak winter abated its rigors; and the sunshine, in revealing its beauty, whispered, all is not utterly barren and desolate in this "howling wilderness;" and she called it the May Flower, partly in reference to the ship that had borne her hither, partly in memory of the Maypole, bedecked with blossoms in "fatherland."

To me, this flower is a link binding the sex of the present day to the suffering, struggling, devoted, and unrecorded matrons of that day of hardy toil, and self-sacrificing love and duty. I look into its meek face, and see, in my mind's eye, the pale, drooping women of those days, who stifled the weakness of the sex, smothered the heart's yearnings, and nobly and patiently died, while their stern husbands and fathers laid the corner-stone of empire, and planted, in the midst of blood and peril, the handful of corn, the "fruit thereof to shake like Lebanon."

Ay, touching, most touching, in this point of view, does this blossom become to me, emblematic, as flowers always are, of the tenderness, the beauty, and the devotedness of woman, blessing with her life-restoring love, not the garden and the palace wall alone, but the waste places of poverty, and the desolate and arid wilds of grief and pain.

The May Flower, blooming amidst sleet and snow, fragrant, lowly, evergreen, and most beautiful, is peculiarly appropriate as an emblem of the wives and the daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers. This one blossom decking the hoary crown of winter, is like the pitying gift of spring; so they with their

hardy graces must have served somewhat to abate the savageness of virtue in those hard principled, hard thinking men;—and there let me not be supposed to speak irreverently.

It has sometimes been attempted to soften down the asperities of the Pilgrim character into something more accordant with the genialities of life than what appears upon the face of history. It is a futile task. They were men of a great age, men habituated to daring and subtle thought, who had learned to grasp what they believed to be truth, even with the desperation of those who clung to the horns of the altar; and they had accustomed themselves to the heroic bearing of those ready to lay down their lives for its sake. They were Cromwell-men, Milton-men, full of the arrogance of manly prerogative, little careful for the gentleness suited to lady's bower, and rarely disposed to turn aside to the "delectable fields" of merely domestic enjoyment.

Indeed, men who had nobly converted the hearth-stone into an altar for the Most High, and each declared himself, "Priest unto the Lord," in the stern simplicity of primitive worship, inasmuch as they had spurned from them the vestments of popery, were likely, in assuming the sacred office, by an instinctive reverence, to assume a portion of the monkishness hitherto associated therewith; and hence arose, in part, that severity of life, that sternness of discipline, that ascetic renunciation of the natural tendencies of the human heart, that rejection of human sympathy, and rooting out as it were of human sensibilities.

They had engrafted the unyieldingness of the stoic upon

the sublime charities of Jesus, and nerved themselves to a superiority to the ordinary emotions of humanity. They had searched for truth, and having found what they regarded as such, they rightly judged that no truth is of value except as it becomes a principle of action. Alas! truth is always progressive, always moving in a path for ever brightening to her followers; but prejudice and error seize upon him who dares to *stop* in her pathway, as did the men of those days.

The Pilgrims were *not* men full of the sweet charities of life. They were men for reverence, not for love. They were men of severe duty, often of high thought, men jealous of freedom, tenacious of principle, yet men of a wondrous subtlety of logic, by which, however arbitrary, cruel, and unjust became their civil and ecclesiastical decisions, they were able to make them square with the principles of their associations, and the great objects of the colony.

I say not this to disparage these venerable men. One whose veins are coursed with the Pilgrim blood is not likely to undervalue it. But it would be imputing to them superhuman power of mind, to suppose that these men, exiles from their native land, volunteers, indeed, yet exiles,—and every patriot will understand the depth of the sentiment of love for one's country—sufferers from famine and from pestilence, with inadequate shelter from an inclement latitude; weighed by the gloom of measureless and unknown forests, haunted by the faith in the supernatural, augmented into tenfold power by the solitude and immensity of nature, and daily and hourly exposed to savage warfare; it would, I say, be imputing to

such men super-human power of mind, to suppose they could preserve the vividness and the magnanimity of thought under such circumstances,—far less, that they could indulge in the softening charities of life.

No, no! the Pilgrims learned to reject these things as subordinate to the great purposes of their mission. They subdued the promptings of nature, that they might be unshackled in the contest which it involved. They stifled the pleadings of their own hearts, that thought might be free and triumphant; and, alas! in our goodly heritage of political and intellectual freedom, they have bequeathed also a portion of their religious intolerance, and that very hardness of character, that superiority of thought over affection, which to them was a secret of power and success.

So far as our sex is concerned, the records of those times are barren indeed; yet, where women is, as in that day of peril and darkness, and bereavement and cold intellectual speculation, there must have been griefs, bitter and heart-breaking. There must have been crushed affections, yearnings for tenderness and sympathy, too great for womanly endurance, sobbings stifled in the sternness of duty, and a weariness of life hard to be borne. Yet from this must have arisen a desire to cope with these lords of creation, in thought at least, if that was from henceforth to be the ground of sympathy; for woman is sure to look about for new combinations for affection—a new form of the altar, since the old is destroyed, upon which she may hang the sweet garlands of her love.

Hence, she began to think, to cavil; hence, we have, to this day, the tendency to identify ourselves with the principles, whether in politics or religion, of those we love, not blindly, but with searchingness and patient thought. Hence the restless action of the female mind throughout New England, and that preponderance of intellectual development, so remarkable, and becoming effective, not only in point of duty, but moral harmony.

In the earliest settlement of the colony—barren as are the details of the times in that respect—we have three remarkable types of womanhood recorded as episodes in our colonial history; for historians rarely, in recounting events in which women are concerned, give a straightforward, manful detail, but content themselves with an "aside," as it were; and this is to be understood as a proper tribute to the modesty of the sex, which is to shrink from justice even, if it involve publicity.

The first type is in that of the mother of Peregrine White, who must have been a cheerful, active, beautiful woman, able to cope in an off-hand practical manner with the worst hardships of a new world life. She must have had a certain audacious affectionateness, by which she disarmed the ferocity of polemic discussion, or Nathaniel Morton would never have thought it worth while to notice the birth of little Peregrine, in the midst of his registry of the hardships of the "godly."

The second was the lady Arabella Jonson, whose brief history is far more touchingly effective than any embellishment of fancy. She and her husband, who survived her but a few weeks, had sadly mistaken their vocation, when, in the excess

of religious and political zeal they tempted the hardships of the wilderness.

The slight glimpse we have of Arabella Jonson is one of perfect loveliness; full of the tenderness of sentiment, and the refinement of elegant life. She is a creature the imagination delights to contemplate, whose moral greatness made her forget her disabilities of physical power; whose intellect seemed only second to her delicacy and tenderness, and these again subordinate to her resolute devotedness. She is the embodied poetry of the Pilgrim race.

The third is Anne Hutchinson, a woman altogether so remarkable as to throw the whole colony into a ferment by the vigor of her understanding, and the force and boldness with which she advocated her opinions. She it was who occasioned the meeting of the first synod in America, who came together expressly to examine and condemn what were called her heresies.

We, at this late day, with only the bald details of her opposers upon which to base our opinions of her character, can hardly hope to do justice to one so superior to the generality of her sex. If her courage was not feminine, it was at least Pilgrim-like. It was equal to those of the other sex with whom she had to compete, and far above that of the women of the day, who, till she began to question the doctrines of the leaders, and to look at their dogmas with her acuteness of perception, and wondrous grasp of reason, had tamely echoed their thoughts, and submitted to their exactions.

But Anne Hutchinson began to collect the women of the colony in her own house, and examine coolly and keenly the nature of opinions. This alarmed the authorities, and she was called up for public examination into what were assumed to be heresies, because they were opinions conflicting with those of the times. Nothing can exceed the clear and vigorous manner in which she defended herself upon this occasion. Of her subsequent banishment and her many misfortunes, we must not write, as they are historic, and would alter the purport of this paper, which is simply to exhibit the rill, up in the recesses of the mountain, which, joining itself to others in the process of time, swells to the overflowing river.

Anne Hutchinson, with her affluence of thought, and her clear, vigorous understanding, her searching and courageous power of combination, so beyond the age in which she lived, stands out as the type of intellectual woman, and is the base of that large class of thinkers in that section of the country, who command the respect of the other sex, and sometimes provoke their fears; and who, if not loyal to themselves, and single in their search for truth, may be used hereafter by those who dare not hope to suppress them (since "banishment" now would little obviate the difficulty), as were their lively sisters, the other side of the water, when they were enrolled by the Illuminee into lodges, and made subservient to the progress of revolution.

God grant, that the restless power of thought, so characteristic of a New England woman, may keep even pace with the developed harmonies of what is truly womanly, and that

the religion which has so much to do with the head, may never retire from the citadel of the heart. Yet must she not be blamed for her pertinacious questionings, since doctrine in every possible shape is thrust in her way, and the evils of heresy so often forced upon her thoughts, and she naturally begins to inquire wherein it consists. From the days of the Pilgrims downwards, this has been the case, in the pulpit and by the fireside; and even the dying benediction partakes of that model left by "Mr. Thomas Dudley, the pillar of the colony of Massachusetts, who leaves his poetic injunction in this wise:

"Farewell, dear wife, children, and friends,
*Hate heresy*, make blessed ends."

## WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Dark and gloomy was the hour,
And Freedom's fires burnt low,
For twenty days had Washington
Retreated from the foe;
And his weary soldiers' feet were bare
As he fled across the Delaware.

Hearts were fainting through the land,
And patriot-blood ran cold;
The stricken army scarce retain'd
Two thousand men, all told;
While the British arms gleam'd everywhere,
From the Hudson to the Delaware.

Cold and stormy came the night;
The great Chief roused his men;
"Now, up, brave comrades, up and strike
For Freedom once again;
For the Lion sleepeth in his lair,
On the left bank of Delaware.

How the strong oars dash the ice
  Amid the tempest's roar!
And how the trumpet-voice of Knox
  Still cheers them to the shore!
Thus, in the freezing midnight air,
Those brave hearts cross'd the Delaware.

In the morning, grey and dim,
  The shout of battle rose,
And the Chief led back his valiant men
  With a thousand captive foes,
While Trenton shook with the cannon's blare,
That told the news o'er the Delaware.

# THE MONUMENT TO MARY WASHINGTON.

ADDRESS OF ANDREW JACKSON.

We are assembled, fellow-citizens, to witness and assist in an interesting ceremony. More than a century has passed away since she to whom this tribute of respect is about to be paid, entered upon the active scenes of life. A century fertile in wonderful events, and of distinguished men who have participated in them. Of these our country has furnished a full share; and of these distinguished men she has produced a Washington! If he was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," we may say, without the imputation of national vanity, that if not the first, he was in the very first rank of those, too few indeed, upon whose career mankind can look back without regret, and whose memory and example will furnish themes of eulogy for the patriot, wherever free institutions are honored and maintained. His was no false glory, deriving its lustre from the glare of splendid and destructive actions, commencing in professions of attachment to his country, and terminating in the subversion of her freedom. Far different is the radiance which surrounds his name and fame. It shines mildly and equally, and guides the philanthropist and citizen in the path of duty; and it will guide them long after those false lights, which have attracted too much attention, shall have been extinguished in darkness.

In the grave before us, lie the remains of his Mother. Long has it been unmarked by any monumental tablet, but not unhonored. You have taken the pious duty of erecting a column to her name, and of inscribing upon it, the simple but affecting words, "Mary, the Mother of Washington." No eulogy could be higher; and it appeals to the heart of every American.

These memorials of affection and gratitude are consecrated by the practice of all ages and nations. They are tributes of respect to the dead, but they convey practical lessons of virtue and wisdom to the living. The mother and son are beyond the reach of human applause; but the bright example of paternal and filial excellence, which their conduct furnishes, cannot but produce the most salutary effects upon our countrymen. Let their example be before us from the first lesson which is taught the child, till the mother's duties yield to the course of preparation and action which nature prescribes for him.

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Tradition says, that the character of Washington was strengthened, if not formed, by the care and precepts of his mother. She was remarkable for the vigor of her intellect and the firmness of her resolution.

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In tracing the few recollections which can be gathered of her principles and conduct, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that these were closely interwoven with the destiny of her son. The great points of his character are before the world. He who runs may read them in his whole career, as

a citizen, as a soldier, as a magistrate. He possessed unerring judgment—if that term can be applied to human nature,—great probity of purpose, high moral principles, perfect self-possession, untiring application, and an inquiring mind, seeking information from every quarter, and arriving at its conclusions with a full knowledge of the subject; and he added to these an inflexibility of resolution, which nothing could change but a conviction of error. Look back at the life and conduct of his mother, and at her domestic government, as they have this day been delineated by the Chairman of the Monumental Committee, and as they were known to her contemporaries, and have been described by them, and they will be found admirably adapted to form and develop, the elements of such a character. The power of greatness was there; but had it not been guided and directed by maternal solicitude and judgment, its possessor, instead of presenting to the world examples of virtue, patriotism and wisdom, which will be precious in all succeeding ages, might have added to the number of those master-spirits, whose fame rests upon the faculties they have abused, and the injuries they have committed.

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Fellow-citizens, at your request, and in your name, I now deposit this plate in the spot destined for it; and when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified, and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the Mother of Washington.

# REVOLUTIONARY TEA.

BY SEBA SMITH.

THERE was an old lady lived over the sea,
And she was an Island Queen;
Her daughter lived off in a new countrie,
With an ocean of water between.

The old lady's pockets were full of gold,
But never contented was she;
So she called to her daughter to pay her a tax
Of "thrippence" a pound on her tea.

"Now, mother, dear mother," the daughter replied,
"I shan't do the thing that you ax;
I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,
But never the thrippenny tax.

"You shall," quoth the mother, and reddened with rage,
"For you're my own daughter, ye see;
And sure 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay
Her mother a tax on her tea."

And so the old lady her servants called up,
And pack'd off a budget of tea,
And, eager for thrippence a pound, she put in
Enough for a large familie.

She ordered her servants to bring home the tax,
Declaring her child should obey,
Or, old as she was, and almost woman-grown,
She'd half whip her life away.

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,
All down by the ocean side,
And the bouncing girl poured out every pound
In the dark and boiling tide.

And then she called out to the Island Queen,
"Oh, mother, dear mother," quoth she,
"Your tea you may have, when 'tis steeped enough,
But never a tax from me—
No, never a tax from me."

# DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires, that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such prin-

ciples, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience has shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former system of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relin-

quish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges depend on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of offices, and sent here swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murder they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English law in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power, to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British

brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war;—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually

pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Signed by order and in behalf of the Congress,

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

Attest, CHARLES THOMPSON, *Secretary.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Josiah Bartlett,
William Whipple,
Mathew Thornton.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY.
Samuel Adams,
John Adams,
Robert Treat Paine,
Elbridge Gerry.

RHODE ISLAND.
Stephen Hopkins,
William Ellery.

CONNECTICUT.
Roger Sherman.
Samuel Huntington,
William Williams,
Oliver Wolcott.

NEW YORK.
William Floyd,
Philip Livingston,
Francis Lewis,
Lewis Morris.

NEW JERSEY.
Richard Stockton,
John Witherspoon,
Francis Hopkinson,
John Hart,
Abraham Clark.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Robert Morris,
Benjamin Rush,
Benjamin Franklin,
John Morton,
George Clymer.
James Wilson,
George Ross.

DELAWARE.
Cæsar Rodney,
Thomas M'Kean,
George Reed.

MARYLAND.
Samuel Chase,
William Paca,
Thomas Stone,
Charles Carroll.

VIRGINIA.
George Wythe,
Richard Henry Lee,
Thomas Jefferson,
Benjamin Harrison,
Thomas Nelson, Jr.
Francis Lightfoot Lee,
Carter Braxton.

NORTH CAROLINA.
William Hooper,
Joseph Hewes,
John Penn.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Edward Rutledge,
Thomas Heyward, Jr.
Thomas Lynch, Jr.
Arthur Middleton.

GEORGIA.
Button Gwinnett,
Lyman Hall,
George Walton.

# CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

WE, THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION for the United States of America.

## ARTICLE I.

### OF THE LEGISLATIVE POWER.

§ 1. All legislative powers herein granted, shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

### OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

§ 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the seve-

ral States; and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature.

No person shall be a representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.

Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons. The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct. The number of representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, but each State shall have at least one representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the State of New Hampshire shall be entitled to choose three; Massachusetts, eight; Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, one; Connecticut, five; New York, six; New Jersey, four; Pennsylvania, eight; Delaware, one; Maryland, six; Virginia, ten; North Carolina, five; South Carolina, five; and Georgia, three.

When vacancies happen in the representation from any

State, the executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

The House of Representatives shall choose their speaker and other officers, and shall have the sole power of impeachment.

OF THE SENATE.

§ 3 The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for six years; and each senator shall have one vote.

Immediately after they shall be assembled, in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes. The seats of the senators of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year, of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one third may be chosen every second year; and if vacancies happen, by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.

No person shall be a senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen.

The Vice-President of the United States shall be President

of the Senate, but shall have no vote unless they be equally divided.

The Senate shall choose their other officers, and also a president pro tempore, in the absence of the Vice-President, or when he shall exercise the office of President of the United States.

The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose, they shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the chief justice shall preside; and no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present

Judgment, in cases of impeachment, shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit, under the United States; but the party convicted shall, nevertheless, be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment, and punishment, according to law.

MANNER OF ELECTING MEMBERS.

§ 4. The times, places, and manner of holding elections for senators and representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but Congress may at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing senators.

CONGRESS TO ASSEMBLE ANNUALLY.

The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year,

and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day.

POWERS OF THE HOUSE.

§ 5. Each house shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members; and a majority of each shall constitute a quorum to do business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner, and under such penalties, as each house may provide.

Each house may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member.

Each house shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may, in their judgment, require secresy; and the yeas and nays of the members of either house, on any question, shall, at the desire of one-fifth of those present, be entered on the journal.

Neither house, during the session of Congress, shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two houses shall be sitting.

§ 6. The senators and representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the treasury of the United States. They shall in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach of the peace, be

privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses, and in going to or returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either house, they shall not be questioned in any other place.

No senator or representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time; and no person holding any office under the United States, shall be a member of either house during his continuance in office.

MANNER OF PASSING BILLS, ORDERS, ETC.

§ 7. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments, as on other bills.

Every bill which shall have passed the House of Reprerentatives and the Senate, shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the United States: if he approve, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that house in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journals, and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved of by two thirds of that house, it shall become a law. But in all cases, the votes of both houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against

the bill shall be entered on the journal of each house respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress, by their adjournment, prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.

Every order, resolution, or vote to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment), shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the same shall take effect, shall be approved by him, or being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two-thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill.

### POWERS OF CONGRESS.

§ 8. The Congress shall have power:

To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises, shall be uniform throughout the United States:

To borrow money on the credit of the States:

To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes:

To establish an uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States:

To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures:

To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States:

To establish post-offices and post-roads:

To promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries:

To constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court:

To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations:

To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water:

To raise and support armies; but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years:

To provide and maintain a navy:

To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces:

To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions:

To provide for organizing arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such parts of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively, the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress:

To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square), as may,

by cession of particular States, and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of Government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings :—And

To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or office thereof.

LIMITATIONS OF THE POWER OF CONGRESS.

§ 9. The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress, prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.

The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when, in case of rebellion and invasion, the public safety may require it.

No bill of attainder or ex post facto law shall be passed.

No caption, or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration herein before directed to be taken.

No tax or duty shall be put on articles exported from any State. No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue of the ports of one State over those

of another; nor shall vessels bound to or from one State be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.

No money shall be drawn from the treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.

No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign State.

LIMITATIONS OF THE POWERS OF THE INDIVIDUAL STATES.

§ 10. No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bills of attainder, ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility.

No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any State on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the treasury of the United States; all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of Congress. No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war, in time of peace, enter into any agreement or

compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

## ARTICLE II.

### THE EXECUTIVE POWER TO BE VESTED IN A PRESIDENT.

§ 1. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, and together with the Vice-President, chosen for the same term, be elected as follows:

### MANNER OF ELECTING THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress; but no senator or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector.

[The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. And they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate; the President of the Senate shall, in presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted: the person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President, if such number shall be a

majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately choose, by ballot, one of them for President; and if no person have a majority, then, from the five highest on the list, the said house shall, in like manner, choose the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote: a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. In every case, after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors, shall be the Vice-President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal votes, the Senate shall choose from them, by ballot, the Vice-President.*]

The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

WHO MAY BE ELECTED PRESIDENT.

No person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States.

* This paragraph is annulled.—See Amendment, Article 12.

IN CASE OF REMOVAL, ETC. OF THE PRESIDENT, HIS POWERS TO DEVOLVE ON VICE-PRESIDENT.

In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may, by law, provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.

PRESIDENT'S COMPENSATION—HIS OATH.

The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation, which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the United States, or any of them.

Before he enter on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation :—

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

POWERS AND DUTIES OF THE PRESIDENT.

§ 2. The President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States : he may require the opinion, in writing, of the

principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices; and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the United States, except in cases of impeachment.

He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law: but the Congress may, by law, vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they may think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions, which shall expire at the end of their next session.

§ 3. He shall, from time to time, give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both houses, or either of them, and in case of disagreement between them, with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he may think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall

take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.

HOW THE PRESIDENT, AND ALL CIVIL OFFICERS, MAY BE REMOVED FROM OFFICE.

§ 4. The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

## ARTICLE III.

OF THE JUDICIAL POWER—CONCERNING THE JUDGES.

§ 1. The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may, from time to time, ordain and establish. The judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior; and shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

EXTENT OF JUDICIAL POWER.

§ 2. The judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and marine jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States, between a State and citizens of another State; between citizens of different States; between citizens of the

same State, claiming lands under grants of different States; and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign States, citizens, or subjects.

OF THE ORIGINAL AND APPELLATE JURISDICTION OF THE SUPREME COURT.

In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the Congress shall make.

OF TRIALS FOR CRIME—OF TREASON.

The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury; and such trial shall be held in the State where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State, the trial shall be at any such place or places as the Congress may by law have directed.

§ 3. Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason; but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted.

## ARTICLE IV.

### FAITH TO BE GIVEN TO PUBLIC ACTS, ETC. OF THE STATES.

§ 1. Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State. And the Congress may, by general laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.

### PRIVILEGES OF CITIZENS—FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE TO BE DELIVERED UP.

§ 2. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.

A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.

### PERSONS HELD TO SERVICE, OR LABOR, TO BE DELIVERED UP.

No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

### NEW STATES MAY BE ADMITTED.

§ 3. New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union, but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States,

without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress.

DISPOSAL OF TERRITORY AND OTHER PROPERTY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular State.

GUARANTEE AND PROTECTION OF THE STATES BY THE UNION.

§ 4. The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence.

## ARTICLE V.

OF AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

The Congress, whenever two thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or on the application of the Legislatures of two thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress: Provided, that no amendment which may be made prior to

the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article; and that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

## ARTICLE VI.

### FORMER DEBTS AND ENGAGEMENTS TO REMAIN VALID.

All debts contracted, and engagements entered into, before the adoption of this Constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution, as under the Confederation.

### THIS CONSTITUTION, THE LAWS AND TREATIES OF THE UNITED STATES, TO BE THE SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND

This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

### OATH TO SUPPORT THE CONSTITUTION—NO RELIGIOUS TEST REQUIRED.

The senators and representatives before mentioned, and the members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation, to support this Constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.

## ARTICLE VII.

### WHEN THIS CONSTITUTION WILL TAKE EFFECT.

The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same.

Done in convention, by the unanimous consent of the States present, the 17th day of September, in the year of our Lord, 1787, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the twelfth. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *President,*
*and Deputy from Virginia.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
John Langdon,
Nicholas Gilman,

MASSACHUSETTS.
Nathaniel Gorham,
Rufus King.

CONNECTICUT.
Wm. Samuel Johnson,
Roger Sherman.

NEW YORK.
Alexander Hamilton.

NEW JERSEY.
William Livingston,
David Brearly,
William Patterson,
Jonathan Dayton.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Benjamin Franklin,
Thomas Mifflin,
Robert Morris,
George Clymer.
Thomas Fitzsimons,
Jared Ingersoll,
James Wilson,
Gouverneur Morris.

DELAWARE.
George Reed,
Gunning Bedford, Jr.
John Dickinson,
Richard Bassett.
Jacob Broom.

MARYLAND.
James M'Henry,
Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer,
Daniel Carroll.

VIRGINIA.
John Blair,
James Madison, Jr.

NORTH CAROLINA.
William Blount,
Richard Dobbs Spaight.
Hugh Williamson.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
John Rutledge,
Charles C. Pinckney,
Charles Pinckney,
Pierce Butler.

GEORGIA.
William Few,
Abraham Baldwin

Attest, WILLIAM JACKSON, *Secretary.*

# AMENDMENTS.

## ARTICLE I.

FREE EXERCISE OF RELIGION—FREEDOM OF PRESS—RIGHT TO PETITION.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

## ARTICLE II.

RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS.

A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

## ARTICLE III.

NO SOLDIER TO BE BILLETED, EXCEPT, ETC

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any

house without the consent of the owner; nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

### ARTICLE IV.

#### UNREASONABLE SEARCHES PROHIBITED.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized.

### ARTICLE V.

#### PROCEEDINGS IN CERTAIN CRIMINAL CASES.

No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service, in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

### ARTICLE VI.

#### MODE OF TRIAL IN CRIMINAL CASES.

In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the

State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor; and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.

### ARTICLE VII.

#### IN CIVIL CASES.

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved; and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

### ARTICLE VIII.

#### CONCERNING BAIL, FINES, AND PUNISHMENTS.

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

### ARTICLE IX.

#### RIGHTS NOT ENUMERATED.

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

### ARTICLE X.

#### POWERS RESERVED TO THE PEOPLE.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

## ARTICLE XI.

### LIMITATION OF THE JUDICIAL POWER.

The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State.

## ARTICLE XII.

### MANNER OF CHOOSING PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot, for President and Vice-President, one of whom at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name, in their ballots, the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the seat of Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President, shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of the electors appointed; and if no person shall have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those

voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President.

The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President, shall be the Vice-President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of the electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then, from the two highest numbers on the list, the Senate shall choose the Vice-President: a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President, shall be eligible to that of Vice-President of the United States.

THE END.

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